TEEN SPIRIT
versus the L.A.P.D.
and Other Fascists

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“He alone who owns the youth, gains the future.”

- Adolph Hitler

FADE IN:

INT. JACKIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

A splash of milk is poured into a tall mug of coffee. CLANG, CLANG, CLANG - a spoon swirls the creamer through the drink.

JACKIE JONES (77, white) grabs up the mug. Looks like a nice old average Grandpa - still spry with deep wrinkles that broadcast strength as much as age.

His home is neat but unadorned, years out of date and housing only the bare necessities. He heads into the --

LIVING ROOM

-- and plops down on the couch. He blows on his coffee, takes a cautious sip. A slurp of the brew then he moves to set the mug on the coffee table in front of him.

The mug is parked next to an odd knickknack... **THE BELL**- or **DIE GLOCKE.** It takes up a square foot, with a metallic cubed frame and contains a denser metal object of convex shape. It is constructed of plainly metal materials, that are of unique bluish phosphorescent hues.

Jackie looks upon it with reverence. He shoves the coffee mug a few inches away and picks up a wand like item that looks like a conductor baton but with a chubby end to end. He TAPS the butt of the wand on the table then gently strikes the Bell, which creates a HIGH PITCHED SUBTLE HUM. He then glides the tip of the wand up and down the Bell which shapes the SOUND.

PFFT- A spritz of haze and light pops into the air out of the Bell. A misty and light hologram like cloud field forms in the air.

Jackie closes his eyes in a meditative manner.

Light moves into the shapes of forms and patterns like abstract blots of rich paint, but take on representative forms.

Jackie's eyes open and he looks upon the mist as the image becomes clearer - a **YOUNG TEENAGE GIRL** in a bedroom. Jackie watches the unclear and sketch like form of the girl - *a seer reading a crystal ball*.

INSERT - In the haze the Girl can be seen to be scribbling in a textbook. She **X's** out the eyes of an image of Margaret Thatcher. She writes the **A** symbol for anarchy over a picture of Ronald Reagan.

Jackie is interested ... but not too interested.

He sets down the wand, picks up the coffee and takes a sip. The hazy Bell vision fades away.

INT. MYRNA'S ROOM - DAY

Scorching summertime heat invades **MYRNA MAKI'S** (17, white) eight by ten fortress, the teenage hovel is drenched in orange sunlight. Rock, rap and cartoon posters cover her childhood Alice in Wonderland mural. A small plastic TV on the dresser plays a music video - SMELLS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT.

Now clear - this is the room and the girl Jackie watched.

Myrna, however doesn't notice, bopping her head to the music from her Walkman. Her hair is poorly half-shaved and her baggy, mismatched clothes mark her as either incredibly cool or a total spazz.

SUPER - **San Fernando Valley, Summer 1992**

Myrna dumps the contents of her backpack onto the bed. Utter filth - a smashed sandwich, crumpled papers, and a well worn copy of The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. She snatches up her Lisa Frank Style binder, turns up her lower lip, considering the psychedelic kittens on the cover.

MYRNA
Nope.

She frisbees it towards the trash bin next to the door. It misses and crashes to the floor as the door opens and her mother, **SAMANTHA MAKI** (39) enters.

SAMANTHA
Goddmanit, girl.

MYRNA
Sorry.

SAMANTHA
The hell you up to?

Myrna nods her head towards the binder on the floor.

MYRNA
I ain't doin' kittens and little girly kid shit anymore.

SAMANTHA
Language. And did you ever?
(noticing)
Goin' somewhere?

MYRNA
Jamming. With, Cal.

Samantha pulls some bills from her pocket and throws them on the bed.

SAMANTHA
Come back with some smokes?

Myrna hops off the bed, throws the cash and a sweater in the backpack.

MYRNA
I'm still not eighteen yet.

A hat, comics and rock magazines are thrown in the bag.

SAMANTHA
They sure as shit won't care in most spots. Go into one of them ghetto stores.

MYRNA
God, Mom! Enough with the coded racism.

SAMANTHA
Shut up, smart-ass. Just make sure and get em.

Myrna shoves past her Mom and storms out.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

A two bedroom suburban home, yard overgrown with burnt weeds and three decades worth of unmatched paint peeling from the stucco facade.

Four **NWA-light HOOLIGANS**, sneak about on the brown rock strewn lawn. Led by **WICK** (17, black) and **ROY** (16, black) - followed by **DEEP-VOICE**(17, black) and **LANKY** (17, black), they are looking for trouble.

WICK
Old man must be dead. Ain't seen him come out in a minute.

DEEP VOICED HOODLUM
If not, we could put a mark on that weird muthafucka.

WICK
We'll see bout that.

ROY
I'll hang back, keep an eye.

WICK
Fuck that, soldier. C'mon, bitch.

Wick leads Roy and the others around to the side-yard fence. Wick tries to reach over to get the latch on a door, but has no luck.

WICK (CONT'D)
(to Roy)
You up, baby gangsta.

Wick indicates to hop over the fence with a head nod.

ROY
What? Naw, man.

WICK
Trick, quit playin.

Wick clasps his hands to boost Roy. Roy hesitates, but gives in.

Roy steps into Wick's hands for a boost and after some awkward fumbling Roy tumbles over the top.

The fence divides the other three from Roy.

WICK (CONT'D)
Let us in, G.

Roy fumbles with the locked gate handle.

ROY
I'm tryin', yo.

A cord of fishing line wraps around Roy's neck - able fists pull the hoodlum back further into the yard.

The attacker is Jackie. The old man chokes out Roy.

WICK
Ay, Roy?! The fucks goin on?

Roy CHOKES as the old man drops his fishing line and takes to SLAPPING the teenager in the face.

WICK (CONT'D)
Fuck this.

Wick gets a boost from his friends and struggles to jump the fence. His pants start to fall down.

Jackie SPITS in Roy's face.

JACKIE
Little punk shit.
(in German)
Drecksneger!

Wick is boosted up to the top of the fence and catches view of Jackie frothing over Roy.

WICK
The fuck is this old man?! You trippin'.

Wick tries to thrust his weight over the fence and his crew starts HOLLERING. Jackie turns his crazed gaze towards Wick and starts heading straight towards the fence.

Wick is about to pounce off the top of the fence but Jackie grabs some sharp meat prongs off a barbecue and charges towards Wick, ready to skewer.

WICK (CONT'D)
Oh shit!

Wick recoils and jumps back into the front yard.

On the other side of the fence Jackie thrusts his skewer into the wood, puncturing right through.

We stay with Wick and his crew in the front yard.

WICK (CONT'D)
Gaw' damn that's a crazy fuckin' old man.

LANKY HOOLIGAN
Yo, B, the fuck is this?!

Deep Voice Hooligan hops up trying to catch view of Roy in the back yard.

WICK
(hollering over fence)
Sit tight yo. Lemme think how bad
I'm bout to fuck this old man up.

Wick catches his breath as the three stand-by.

CREAK - SLAM -- The front door to the house opens.

Jackie strides business-like around the corner and right up to the three thugs. Leading ahead of him is the **Luger** he has pointed straight at Wick. The teenage goons freeze in place.

A stone hard gaze of fear and malice is shared between Jackie and Wick.

Jackie moves his gun slightly to the left and --

PA-PEW!

The shot blows a hole right in his fence. After a moments shock, Wick and his friends bolt off.

We hear their retreating CURSES as they run away at breakneck speed while Jackie calmly walks back into his house.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

After a CLICK, Jackie's gate swings open. The old man pushes a wheelbarrow out with Roy inside. He rolls the kid across his lawn and out to the street gutter.

Tipping it over, he dumps Roy into the street.

Roy stirs, but is still out from his beating.

Jackie leans in close to Roy's face.

JACKIE
Get away from here before I really
show you what a man like me can do.

The old man wheels his wheelbarrow back into his yard and closes the gate behind him.

PUSH IN on the holw in his fence. <u>With a twinkle of light the hole disappears.</u>

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

Myrna leans against the wall of the 7-11 like store, sipping a Slurpee like drink. A **beater car** pulls up in front of her. The ignition turns off, the door opens and a kid exits. The short, bland looking dude sidles up to her. This is **CAL** (18, white).

CAL
Hey.

Without turning her head or making eye contact, Myrna nods an acknowledgement.

MYRNA
S'up.

She kicks up her fluorescent green skateboard, takes it in hand and starts walking away. Cal chases after her, heading down the strip mall sidewalk in tar melting heat.

CAL
I thought you wanted me to pick you up?

MYRNA
I said meet me here. No mention of a car.

CAL
Well, can we just - ?

MYRNA
- No, dude. I'm off motor travel. Global Warming?!

Myrna drops her skateboard to the sidewalk and kicks off, yelling back-

MYRNA (CONT'D)
(mocking)
I'll beat you there, loser!

We hear the sound of Myrna's WHEELS on pavement as she departs. Cal halts and watches her go, looking deflated.

EXT. CAL'S DRIVEWAY - LATER

Cal leans against the trunk of his car. He is joined by **TYRONE** (17, black), a perpetually unimpressed kid with a high top fade, sitting on the trunk. The garage door is open, drums and other instruments inside.

Behind the sound of her WHEELS Myrna arrives.

MYRNA
S'up, 'Roni.

TYRONE
Yo.

The two palm a high five. Cal shrugs and leads the group into the garage.

INT. CAL'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Cal settles into a drum stool, and Tyrone and Myrna enter. This is their hang spot, seen around the space are instruments, band posters, old soda cans and a carom table hanging on the wall.

MYRNA
Cal. Sorry about the car thing, dude. I know I'm being weird.

CAL
Yeah. It's okay.

MYRNA
And I shouldn't have gone to prom with you...when I knew all along that I wouldn't give you what you want.

Cal bristles, embarrassed in front of Tyrone. Tyrone is firing up a keyboard but looks with side eye and smirks.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
Y'know... like some good <u>banging</u>.

Tyrone SNICKERS.

CAL
(to Tyrone)
We didn't do it.
(to Myrna)
Just forget about the whole thing.

MYRNA
But You deserve to <u>do it</u> on your prom. It was dumb of me to think you wanted just a friend there--

CAL
--Hey! Shut up--

MYRNA
-- I shouldn't have even trusted your word that we'd just be there as friends.

CAL
Shut up! Do you really want me to say what really happened?!

Tyrone averts his eyes and starts to WHISTLE. Myrna takes up her guitar and changes the subject.

MYRNA
We gonna do this or what?

Cal fiddles with his drumsticks.

CAL
I dunno. How bout some Nintendo first instead?

TYRONE
Yeah, Nintendo for sure.

RE-AWWWW.

Myrna fires up her amp and jams out a wailing note.

MYRNA
We SUCK, you tit heads. Are you okay with that?!

CAL
We don't suck.

MYRNA
We're shit.

TYRONE
We're aright.

MYRNA
Are we better than Nirvana?

CAL
No way. Nirvana's the shit.

MYRNA
Nirvana is shit - are shit. Are hacks. And we're not even as good as them.

CAL
They're not hacks.

TYRONE
Nirvana’s legit.

CAL
Who’s better then?! Lemme guess...
Sonic Youth?!

MYRNA
Yeah. Sonic Youth!

TYRONE
(casual)
Sonic Youth’s cool.

CAL
You always gotta go on about Sonic
Youth, or anything else that’s
obscure.

MYRNA
They’re not obscure, they’re
important! You’re just dumb.

CAL
Whatever.

MYRNA
Yeah whatever. They did it better
and a long time before Nirvana!

Cal tightens the head on his cymbal and pouts. Myrna grimaces and shakes her head.

TYRONE
They’re both cool, good bands. They
toured together. It’s not like an
either, or situation.

MYRNA
Guys... just go play Nintendo.

CAL
(hesitantly)
We...we can practice.

Tyrone throws his hands up and shakes his head.

TYRONE
I’m down. Jamming, Nintendo.
Whatever.

Myrna starts strumming a three chord progression, trying to argue with her friends with the GUITAR. She stares at Tyrone - shoots eye daggers.

She turns her head slowly - captures Cal's gaze. With intense purpose, her glare bores into her friends eyes.

Continuing to play, she yells over the electric GUITAR sound.

MYRNA
This is the last summer we have Tyrone, before the last year of high school. I am not going back there to live out another year as a meek, footnote, loser. I'm not going to be in a garage jamming this time next year.

Cal hits the DRUMS, trys to pick up the beat.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
No! Not yet.

He stops.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
We sound like human waste and that isn't good enough for me. If you're about playing Nintendo, go do that. I'll do this and run laps around you weak ass losers.

Tyrone CHUCKLES.

TYRONE
Thanks, Coach.

Myrna sticks her tongue out and raspberries Tyrone. Cal counts them in with TICK TICK TICK of his sticks then...

The friends play a crummy, teenage, garage band **TUNE**.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

The morning hustle ensues, OFFICERS in blue pass with efficient haste. Guns on hips, coffee's in hand.

OFFICER **NAT ALVERSON** (27, black) waits outside an office door, marked Sergeant Tom Dell.

TOM DELL (56, white) approaches, coffee in hand. Not acknowledging Nat, he unlocks, opens his door and enters.

SERGEANT DELL
C'mon in.

INT. DELL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Nat sits across the desk of his superior officer. The Sergeant looks down and reads the newspaper on his desk.

SERGEANT DELL
No go, kiddo.

NAT
What's my next actionable step? I want that transfer.

SERGEANT DELL
Not the time.

NAT
You commended my report from May.

SERGEANT DELL
I didn't read your report. I praised everyone's report. We're running on fumes, hanging on by a thread and goddamned lucky to have any blue uniforms on the streets at all these days. This ain't a book club. Any idea how much paper the riots generated?

NAT
This isn't about earning my stripes. I just think the people of the South Bureau could use a few more officers that look like them.

SERGEANT DELL
You're not paid to do that kind of thinking.

ON NAT - *Ouch*.

The Sergeant looks up from his paper - softens.

SERGEANT DELL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Hey. I'm not paid to do that kind of thinking. You bucks think us old timers only see things black and white. When I look at you... I'm still seeing green.... like inexperience, not money.

NAT
Got it.

SERGEANT DELL
You're stuck with our Valley Bureau a little longer. But hey, Smith's out this week, I'll move you to car thirty-seven.

NAT
Super. Strip malls and bus brawls.

SERGEANT DELL
School's out. You might just see some action.

NAT
Respectfully, Sir. I'm not here for action. Just want to do good work, whatever that may take.

SERGEANT DELL
That's fine, Officer. You'll learn that this job tells you just what kind of man it needs you to be. But I want you to hold on to that spirit.

NAT
Ra ra, Sergeant.

Dell examines Nat, tries to figure how rhetorical that statement was.

INT/EXT. CAL'S GARAGE - DAY

With the garage door open for all the neighborhood to hear the CLAMOR of their bad band, Cal, Myrna and Tyrone jam.

The MUSIC sucks, but Tyrone and Cal have their eyes closed, sway their heads as if they hear something else.

Myrna bashes at her guitar, seemingly as an afterthought, as she studies her friends with a glare. She knows they suck, but they are clearly clueless. Her eyes follow as an OLD MAN walks feebly down the sidewalk outside.

Myrna's eyes focus, just as the man realizes he is observed. This is Jackie, but he seems hunched, slower and more feeble.

As the JAMMING continues, Jackie pivots and slowly walks up the driveway towards Myrna and her band.

With their eyes still connected, Myrna's GUITAR NOTES start to sour until her playing grinds to a halt.

By the time Jackie reaches the threshold of the garage, Cal and Tyrone have gotten the hint and come to a awkward stop as well.

CAL
Hey, What happened we were - ?

Cal notices Jackie - flinches.

Tyrone notices Jackie - slight double take.

Jackie improves his posture, frozen at the point that is both in and out of the garage.

MYRNA
(timid snark)
Sorry. Too loud for you?

JACKIE
What's too loud? I didn't hear anything yet.

MYRNA
Then, what is it, old guy?

Jackie enters, walks towards Myrna. He looks all around... inspecting. His concern and interest however, is directed right at Myrna. Arriving just a step in front of her, he studies her face.

JACKIE
I was looking for someone. You look like you know her.

Tyrone and Cal share a look of concern.

CAL
Hey. Sir. You need help?

Jackie waves the boys off without turning his head. His intense eyes still locked on Myrna.

JACKIE
You can come to my house, I got something for her. You can give it to her.

Cal steps out from behind his drums, heads to the door connecting to the house. He calls back.

CAL
Mister, do you have someone we can call?

A beat passes as Myrna and Jackie stare at each other and ignore Cal.

JACKIE
No.

CAL
I'm calling 911 then.

JACKIE
I can be leaving at any moment.

MYRNA
(to Cal)
Just hold on a sec!

JACKIE
(sotto, to Myrna)
I have a secret I can't hold on to forever. I need you to come and get it to her.

Jackie leans in and whispers in Myrna's ear. Her eyes dart about, with her nerves on edge.

Cal and Tyrone share a look, they are creeped out.

Jackie turns and shuffles away. Myrna calls to his back.

MYRNA
Why me?

JACKIE
She played the music too.

The three friends watch him go.

CAL
That guys off his rocker. We should call for help.

TYRONE
Naw. Just an old pervert. Creepy, molester for sure.

CAL
What'd he say to you?

Myrna looks at Cal... considers what to say.

EXT. VICTORY BLVD - EVENING

The sun is sets, traffic HUMS by the strip mall storefronts. Nat exits his squad car and walks a beat. The sidewalk is busy enough, an OLD MAN carries a bag of groceries, some PEOPLE wait at a bus stop - no one takes notice of the young officer.

Nat stops next to a parking meter, his gaze lands about twenty-five feet ahead on a group of TEENAGERS. As they come into focus we see it is Roy, Wick and their crew. Their BOISTEROUS VOICES cut through but it's only audible as walla.

The kids don't notice Nat observing them, and Nat backs off before they do. He takes a few backwards steps and walks into a liquor store.

The door CHIMES, and the ARMENIAN SHOPKEEPER looks up at Nat from the other side of the counter.

Nat knows what he wants, pulls a can of Slice from a cooler and a pack of Jumpin' Jack Dorito's off the shelf. He sets them on the counter then struggles to make eye contact with Shopkeeper.

NAT
(annoyed)
How's the neighborhood today?

Nat puts his cash on the counter, Shopkeeper nabs it.

SHOPKEEPER
Fine. Fine.

Nat hands him his card.

NAT
New beat for me. Need anything, just give me a call.

Shopkeeper accepts it, but sets it down. He finally gives the officer his attention.

SHOPKEEPER
And then what?

NAT
Then I'll come... then I'll help.

SHOPKEEPER
Okay. Some kids came through here an hour ago, snatched up wine coolers and walked right out.

NAT
Okay. Can I take a report?

SHOPKEEPER
Will you investigate? Will they come back and smash my windows if you do?

NAT
What'd they look like?

SHOPKEEPER
Little arrogant shitheads that do the same thing everyday cause they know they can.

NAT
Approximate ages? Height? Clothes? ...What color were they?

Shopkeeper TSKS. He looks towards the door.

SHOPKEEPER
Take a guess, man.

Nat's nod indicates his understanding.

EXT. TUJUNGA AVE - SAME

Myrna kicks pavement - accelerates down the center of the street on her skateboard. Cal and Tyrone weave behind her in wave patterns on their BMX bikes.

MYRNA
Okay guys, here's where I split.

CAL
No way. You're gonna do something dangerous.

TYRONE
Yeah, if you're getting into trouble... count me in.

MYRNA
Whatever.

EXT. VICTORY BLVD - SAME

At the corner near the convenience store, Roy, Wick and their FRIENDS drink forties near a payphone.

Roy, bruised and battered sits in a lawn chair while Wick holds everyone's attention.

WICK
Old man pulls a gun on me? And my boys? He's lucky we didn't come strapped.

ROY
Just forget about it.

WICK
Fuck naw, we goin' back there. Old man ain't gonna chump us like that.

Roy is discouraged.

DEEP VOICE
Just tell me where to line up, I'm a soldier.

Wick nods his head, thinks.

WICK
No point in restin'. Let's click up an roll back...finish the old man.

Roy rubs his head.

ROY
Forget it, G! It ain't worth it. I don't need to get dirt off a stupid ol' man.

WICK
He punked you, baby gangsta! If you gonna stand for that how are we s'possed to rep you? Our unit been skatin' as is. It's time we made a name for ourselves, and not as the crew that got punked by some old ass honkey!

NAT
Hello, Gentleman.

The crew's pow-wow circle is broken, Wick subtly flinches and everyone turns to see Nat approach. Roy shields his battered face. The hoodlums casually hide or set down their booze. Wick rubs his hands together. Someone mutters "**POPO**".

WICK
S'up, Officer.

The group parts as Nat enters their circle, and he examines each face.

NAT
Boys--

WICK
Ain't boys. Specially not to you, brotha.

Nat beams Wick a smart smile and a sharp glare.

NAT
What're you young men up to?

WICK
Nothin'.

Wick turns to his crew, they nod their heads in agreement.

DEEP VOICED HOODLUM
Ain't doin shit.

NAT
I took a report on some shoplifting in this area. A bunch of kids on foot. You guys seen anything suspicious?

Nat looks at a few of the drinks on the sidewalk.

Nat's eyes then find and connect with Wick's.

WICK
Ain't done shit, man! What is this about?!

Nat thinks of what his next play is. He looks around Wick to see Roy sitting in the lawn chair, then moves to address him.

NAT
Young man?

Roy tilts his head but hesitates to respond.

NAT (CONT'D)
Young man. Are you awake?

ROY
Yes. Yessir.

NAT
Everything all right?

WICK
He cool, man. Back off him.

Nat coolly turns his attention back to Wick.

EXT. TWO BLOCKS AWAY - SAME

Off the side streets, Myrna kicks for more speed in an effort to lose her friends.

She makes a last-second move, jetting across the street past an oncoming Toyota Corolla and ollie's onto a sidewalk. Cal and Tyrone skid to a stop on the opposite side of the street.

The car HONKS - SCREECHES to a stop as well.

Cal and Tyrone react and look at their departing friend.

Myrna briefly looks back and then kicks harder, hoping to gain some distance.

Cal and Tyrone hop to it and start to pedal in her direction.

EXT. VICTORY BLVD - SAME

Nat continues to attempt to address Roy, inches closer to him. He's aware of the other teenagers that circle around him with imposing posture.

NAT
Hey kid, can I get a better look at your face?

ROY
I'm cool, Officer. Everything's aight.

WICK
Leave him 'lone, man.

NAT
You're hurt. Let me help you.

ROY
I'm cool! All-right?

Nat begrudgingly accepts the kids reluctance and backs out of the group.

Wick and the others track Nat with their eyes as he slowly backs away from the crew.

NAT
Toss the open containers, boys.

WICK
Ain't our shit, brotha.

Nat ignores the comment, extends an olive branch -

NAT
You see anything. You need anything. You can call us, okay?

Wick's crew ignores the gesture and grimaces back. Except Roy. Nat briefly catches Roy's glance as he looks over from his seat behind his friends. His eyes transmit fear.

Nat turns his back to the teenagers to walk back to his car--

--Myrna flies by on her skateboard.

Nat belies his cool, with a slight jump of shock.

In the background, Wick CHUCKLES at the sight and smacks Lanky's arm in amusement.

NAT (CONT'D)
(towards Myrna)
Helmet, young lady!

Nat continues down the sidewalk as Wick and his boys regroup.

WICK
Okay then. We fin to do this shit.

In the background Tyrone and Cal ride by on their bikes.

Wick strides to the payphone, punches in numbers and throws in coins.

ROY
I'm out, Wick. Goin' home.

As the phone line RINGS, Wick turns menacingly toward Roy.

WICK
Fuck that, baby soldier. We gonna smoke old man right now and that murder be on you, boy.

We stay on Roy's trembling eyes. He struggles to find composure. Wick is on the phone.

WICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
S'up, Dru. We need a banger an some straps out here. It's bout to go down right now...

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tyrone and Cal approach Jackie's house on their BMX bikes, pumping the pedals as fast as they can. They arrive and halt at the front lawn of the home - sweaty and PANTING.

CAL
You sure you saw her stop here?

TYRONE
Yup. I'm the one with good eyesight, right?

CAL
Better than mine.

TYRONE
Cool. Than trust me, or start wearing your glasses.

CAL
They make me look like a dweeb.

TYRONE
Yeah, well.

CAL
C'mon then.

Cal walks his bike towards the door, Tyrone follows.

They ditch the bikes near the porch, looking around for any sign of Myrna.

CAL (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I don't see her.

TYRONE
(whispering)
This is for sure that old dudes house.

Cal tiptoes to the front door, considers ringing the bell. Instead he tries to listen for any sound at all from inside. He backs off and turns to Tyrone.

CAL
Lets check the windows, hold off.
Maybe we'll see something.

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Myrna sits in an easy-chair across from the couch. Her eyes inspect the room, she rubs her knee from nerves.

Jackie enters from the hall, carries The Bell

JACKIE
Here it is, right here.

Jackie sets The Bell upon the coffee table. He then falls back into the couch and beams a grin towards Myrna.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
How ya like that?

Myrna smirks.

MYRNA
What is it?

As he speaks Jackie does a presentational motion with his hands and beams a smile.

JACKIE
(German)
Die Glocke.

MYRNA
(unimpressed)
Cool... Who am I supposed to give this to again?

Jackie looks off, thinks. His attention snaps back to Myrna.

JACKIE
Oh no! This is for you.

MYRNA
But you said...

JACKIE
That's right. You wouldn't have come if I told you it was for you.

MYRNA
Yeah.

JACKIE
But also. It didn't have to be for you, don't feel too special, child.

MYRNA
Sure. No problem there.

They nod heads at each other. Jackie is happy. Myrna, confused.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
So. Can I take the thingy and go? Oh! And maybe do you have some smokes? For my Mom.

JACKIE
Let me just show you how it works.

Jackie leans over to grab a metallic wand like device from the coffee table.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I'll show you a little. You can figure out the rest.

With a small dash of fanfare, Jackie wraps the bell-cube with the wand.

PONG

A faint otherworldly TONE is emitted. Energy ripples out from the cube, small waves subtly push out and briefly bend space.

Myrna notices.

Jackie smiles at Myrna as he sets down the wand. Jackie concentrates -- his gun appears suspended in the Bell space -- he gingerly grabs it.

He points the gun right against his temple, pulls the trigger.

BANG

Smoke dissipates and beautiful crystalline structures jut out from the back of his head. They glisten with light, and seem to vibrate like swollen strings from a enchanted harp. The old man appears fine otherwise.

Shock consumes Myrna's face. Jackie LAUGHS.

MYRNA
Shit.

JACKIE
Scheisse? Yeah.

MYRNA
How'd you do that?

Jackie's eyes shoot sideways in consideration.

JACKIE
Fantasies can leave from this machine. There is a lot more inside.

Is Myrna excited?

INT./EXT. NAT'S PATROL CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT

WHIR-WHIZ static as Nat turns the dial on his car radio. It lands on a voice that sounds thick with rage.

TALK HOST (V.O.)
--These riots weren't caused by the Rodney King verdict...they were the result of lawless looters! Government entitlements, crack dens run by welfare hens. A generation of wannabe mobsters that throws a tantrum when they don't get what they want from Uncle Mammy Sam...

The lights are out, Nat keeps a low profile. He screws his eyes up and stares down the street - watches Roy, Wick and their gang hang on the corner.

A beat up OLDSMOBILE accelerates from the other direction, quickly pulls a U-Turn, tires SQUEAL, and it halts at the curb.

A large OG, **ENDO HAN** hops out of the drivers side, barely acknowledges the teenage crew with a head nod and ambles away from the car and down the block.

Wick and his friends pile in the car. Roy lags behind them, looks hesitant.

Nat takes notice as Roy reluctantly slips into the backseat. We can near the faint cries of pressure from inside the car from the others: "C'MON" and "GET THE FUCK IN!"

All loaded in, Wick at the wheel, the car PEELS OUT and rounds the corner up ahead.

Nat puts his hand to his ignition key. Taps it a few times and then TURNS his engine. Headlights on.

Calm. Cool.

He turns into traffic and drives down Victory at a slowly.

Upon reaching the corner where Wick had taken the turn, Nat peers down the street. The taillights from Wick's car are disappearing, visible at about two hundred feet away.

CLICK - Nat turns off his headlight, makes a right turn and heads in the direction of Wick's taillights.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - SAME

Cal and Tyrone slink around to the left front side of Jackie's house. They reach a window - adjacent to the living room.

Cal halts, he looks to Tyrone. Tyrone pushes past him.

TYRONE
C'mon, dude.

He peers through the window. The blinds are drawn but open just enough to catch a glimpse inside the living room.

Cal cautiously raises his head up as well to spy the action inside.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - SAME

On the window - two sets of eyes are barely visible through slight gaps in the blinds. They strain to glimpse and interpret the landscape of Jackie's living room. After moments of adjustment... <u>their eyes go wide with shock.</u>

REVERSE - Extending out around the Bell is a clear orb field. Jackie and Myrna share control over the glowing field, stretching their hands out, up against it. They create pulsations in the translucent, hazy air.

Jackie and Myrna's faces are frozen in twisted, wild and wide open grimaces. Their hair rises from static electricity.

WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP...

The air within the room vibrates. Though clear, the area around their orb field has swirling colors and visuals.

Like an old TV on a static channel, sense can be made of the images appearing between Jackie and Myrna.

INSERT FLASHES OF SHOTS:

--Rows of boots march over cool, grey concrete. CLICK CLICK

--A hand WHACKS, GYRDA'S (9) ear. YOUNG JACKIE (27) seethes over her with rage.

--A black, crisp and heavy woolen jacket is slipped into by taught arms. The shoulder reveals a red swastika insignia.

--Young Jackie looks to a picture of Hitler on the wall then looks towards his daughter cowering under the bed. His WIFE (27) yells at his back.

--BOOM. RATTLE. Boards shake. Paint and wall spackle reign down within the small home.

--Avro Lancaster bombers ROAR overhead. Opening their belly to release fat bombs.

--Gyrda peeks through a bedroom door. Jackie sets the Bell down on the kitchen table. Jackie pushes back his wife, who fights him, tryies to stop him.

WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP

--The bell spins, RATTLES, and explodes air and particles all around it.

--Gyrda's eyes go wide. Her mother claws her own face in a frantic, fretful motion. Jackie's body is stiff, his head slowly turns to meet the eyes of his daughter.

--Her eyes...all fear.

BACK TO SCENE

Cal and Tyrone watch through the window mesmerized.

Tyrone shakes it off and pulls away - drags Cal with him away from the window.

END INTERCUT

INT./EXT. WICK'S OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT

Wick's foot lays down on the accelerator, TEARING through suburban streets. GANGSTER RAP on the radio. The crew stares ahead, anticipating.

Roy grinds his jaw - all nerves.

Wick yanks a M1911 Handgun from under the seat and hands it back to Deep Voice who sits in the back next to Roy.

WICK
Show that lil' bitch how to use that.

Roy's heart accelerates, he pants as he looks side-eye at the gun.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cal and Tyrone hesitate at the door. Tyrone communicates "C'mon" with a wide-eyed gesture.

Tyrone is about to move to open the front door, but Cal brushes past and slowly turns the knob.

Unlocked, the two look to each other and shove through the door into--

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cal and Tyrone rush forward, but fight against a powerful WIND force emanating from The Bell.

Jackie notices, he GASPS and CHOKES, his visions and emergence in the Bells force breaks prematurely.

Myrna's face twists up - she collapses to the floor.

Cal and Tyrone move in to help her, Jackie advances right towards the two.

SUCK - SCHWOOP

Air folds in into the Bell as the room quickly returns to ordinary. A slight dust hangs in the air but otherwise all color and perspective read as typical.

Cal and Tyrone take an arm each, trying to help Myrna up. Her eyes flutter - dazed, but coming to consciousness.

Jackie is up on the group, he swings at Tyrone and just misses.

Jackie turns to Cal and WHOOP - boxes his ears.

CAL
YEA-OOW!

Cal loses his equilibrium and lets Myrna loose - but as he loses his balance she finds hers.

Gaining her foothold on reality, Myrna looks to Jackie. Confusion takes over her as he spits rage towards Cal and Tyrone.

JACKIE
I only wanted her here! Not goddamned Buckwheat and Alfalfa.

MYRNA
It's cool. They're alright.

JACKIE
No! Forget it. You can't have it now. Any of it.

Jackie turns to recover his Bell from the table, Myrna moves in on him and snares his shoulder. Cal and Tyrone stand by for backup.

MYRNA
Hey listen!

Myrna steals back Jackie's attention, but she means this for everyone.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
I get it, dude. This is some really cool shit that maybe you don't wanna share.

Jackie turns up his nose, gnarls his teeth towards Myrna.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
You're like ashamed or scared or something. You don't have to worry about us. We're just some loser kids.
(to her friends)
We're cool. Right?

Myrna turns towards Cal and Tyrone, seeks assurance. Tyrone nods his head.

CAL
No. We're not cool and this guy is wacko... Let's go!

Cal reaches for Myrna's arm, she twists and deflects his grip.

Jackie looks intently as the teens turn their attention on one another. He sets The Bell back down and sits on the couch.

Myrna and Cal face off.

MYRNA
Did you see what this thing did?! He taught me how to use it - we could do anything with this!

CAL
What'd he show you? Cause what we saw was pretty messed up!

TYRONE
I just thought you wanted to get on MTV but this thing is like some freaky Nazi stuff.

Butting in -

JACKIE
I showed you a trick. You don't know the half of what it could do... or what's inside it.

Myrna reacts.

MYRNA
Yeah but, this is like an LSD trip without the drugs.

CAL
Hey, we saw it too.

TYRONE
Dude! What was with the Nazi shit?!

Jackie acknowledges Tyrone with a brooding expression. Tyrone looks to his friends, aghast.

TYRONE (CONT'D)
Are you like a Nazi? Are we really being cool with this crazy dude right here?

JACKIE
There was another world that wasn't to be. The Bell was born from it.

CAL
Secret Nazi technology.

JACKIE
Ja.

MYRNA
Pretty damn cool.

TYRONE
Not cool.

CAL
No. Not cool. But how's it work?

JACKIE
It doesn't work, not as it was supposed to. It was to be the Wunderwaffe - "wonder weapon".

MYRNA
Totally rad, and it works.

JACKIE
German engineering, child. It may be the fastest and sleekest engine but hard to know what is going on under the hood.

Myrna ventures to explain to Cal and Tyrone.

MYRNA
It can project, like shared hallucinations. Only not just that. I saw that it is so much more.

Myrna gets worked up, Cal and Tyrone pass a worried glance.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
It's like the holodeck and-and the Force. The Force! Dude, we have <u>the Force</u> here!

BANG - CRASH

Jackie's smoking gun -- A shattered window.

JACKIE
The Bell isn't ringing now. This one is real.

Myrna's face - *Shit.*

Jackie moves the barrel of the gun onto Myrna. The teenagers look as though they could piss themselves.

INT./EXT. NAT'S PATROL CAR - SAME

Nat follows well behind Wick's Old's. The taillights just visible up ahead on the narrow unlit block. Nat stares intently.

The radio CRACKLES.

DISPATCH
Officer, what's your twenty?

NAT
Uh, possible code purple. Stand-by.

DISPATCH
Where you at, Nat?

NAT
Hold on a minute.

Nat GASES a little, moves closer towards the Oldsmobile.

DISPATCH
I got a fifty-one at the orange line. Can you take it, or how do I code you?

Nat CLICKS off the radio.

NAT
(sotto)
A drunk. At the bus. Damn it all.

Nat CLICKS the radio.

NAT (CONT'D)
Ten-four. I'll take it, on the way.

CLICK - radio out.

Nat pulls over to the side of the road to turn around. Before making the maneuver he takes one last look ahead towards the Oldsmobile.

ON WICK'S CAR IN FRONT OF JACKIE'S HOUSE

The gang pulls to the curb, Wick and Lanky get out.

Wick looks through the backseat window, Lanky gets back into the car behind the driver seat. Wick BANGS on the window.

WICK
Roy! C'mon, homie!

Roy gets out the back passenger side of the car. Roy runs over to him, throws an arm around him and drags him along.

CLOSE ON Roy's hand - the gun.

ON NAT

The officer looks intently - *something is going down*.

INT./EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE -SAME

Jackie trains the gun on Myrna.

TYRONE
(to Cal)
He won't shoot. The creep loves her. Obvious.

CAL
(to Jackie)
What do you want with her? What does that thing have to do with her?

JACKIE
(to Myrna)
I could have lost myself with this power, but... I lost someone else. I thought, maybe you could help.

MYRNA
So we saw what it can do. You'd kill us for that?!

JACKIE
I barely know a thing about "Die Glocke" myself. You think you'd know what to do with it? No one else can learn of this?

Jackie chews his lower lip - troubled.

CRASH

The front door - still ajar - swings open and BANGS against the wall. Roy and Wick rush through. Wick shoves Roy in the back, Roy holds the gun in front of him, wobbly with nerves.

Cal and Tyrone back off.

Jackie's moves his gun points it towards the two hoodlums.

Roy has his gun trained on Jackie, but his eyes transmit pure fear.

WICK
The fuck is this?! The Mickey Mouse Club? Shoot him, Roy.

Roy is frozen - Jackie knows he won't go through with it. Jackie develops a possessed grin.

WICK (CONT'D)
Gimme that!

Wick slams Roy in the back and through a fluid motion relieves the gun from him and takes it in his own hand, keeps it pointed at Jackie.

POP!

ON ROY - a spray of blood comes off his back - smoke in the air. The kid buckles and collapses to the floor.

Smoke from a gun - Nat's gun.

The officer is in the room.

Shocked reactions all around... except for Jackie, who smiles with odd glee.

Nat has a brief moment of surprise then takes control.

NAT
Weapons down! Everyone on the ground! Hands up!

Cal and Tyrone quickly drop to the ground. Myrna soon follows.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - SAME

Nat's squad car is out front, lights flash. TIRES SQUEAL and peel out as the rest of Wick's crew flee in the Olds.

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE -SAME

Wick looks at his friend, rage builds behind his eyes. Gun in hand, pointed away from Nat but still in hand. He slowly moves towards the ground.

NAT
Down! Now! Drop it now!
(to Jackie)
You too.

Jackie's gun is at his hip. He's plays the part of a feeble old man. He motions to the coffee table, moves to set the gun down.

ON MYRNA

On the floor next to Roy, Myrna looks the kid in the eyes. Roy is awake, his sad eyes show resignation. The hopeless acceptance of his fears realized.

Myrna looks at the Bell on the coffee table.

NAT (CONT'D)
Fast! Everyone down now.

Back to form, Jackie quickly drops the gun gets the wand in hand and WHAP - strikes the Bell.

WHOMP WHOP WHOMP

Air is cut with pulsating waves and light.

Wick rises - gun in hand.

Nat charges. POW. Wick's gun goes off but the shot misses. NAT tackles WICK, knocks the gun loose.

Myrna rises. She motions to Cal and Tyrone - *C'mon*! They hesitantly rise too.

Myrna gets a hand around Roy. Without resisting and helping as much as he can Roy also stands up.

Myrna looks with wild intensity at The Bell.

WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP - energy moves from The Bell to form an egg-shell aura around Myrna.

Myrna looks at Roy's back. Roy grimaces as his wound heals.

Jackie watches with pleasure - comfortable on the couch.

Nat wrestles with Wick on the ground - manages to get the gangster face down - closes handcuffs around his wrist.

Holding eye contact with Jackie, Myrna scoops up the Bell and wand. Jackie looks her up and down. Myrna backs away towards the back door. She BUSTS out of the room.

Jackie LAUGHS. Cal and Tyrone look towards each other - *What the hell do we do now?!*

Nat rises off of Wick and turns towards Cal and Wick. The room gradually returns to normalcy.

NAT (CONT'D)
You two! Down! Where'd the girl go?!

Cal and Tyrone look towards the back door and flee in a burst.

Nat stomps, CURSES. Then turns to Wick.

NAT (CONT'D)
(to Wick)
Stay there, Boy.
(to Jackie)
You too.

Wick bangs his head on the carpet. Jackie's glance follows Nat as the officer leaves out the back door.

EXT. JACKIE'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Nat arrives on the back porch, sees Myrna, Cal, Roy and Tyrone several yards away.

The teens are posted in place, watching with amazement as Myrna adjusts the wave field around the Bell. The group stands round the mysterious object set on the dead grass.

NAT
Freeze! Everyone down, NOW!

Tyrone and Cal throw their hands up, Roy hustles to his knees to comply.

Myrna shoots a look to Nat. Her head swivels around to focus her eyes upon a trash sack, as she WHIPS her head around the bag flies into the air towards the officer. In midair the bag BURSTS open and releases waves of leaves.

A wall of garden trimmings now blocks Myrna and company from Nat. Myrna yanks Roy up and cups up The Bell like a football.

CAL
Tyrone! C'mon, let her go, she's crazy.

TYRONE
With a cop and a Nazi back here? No way!

Cal relents and joins Tyrone to follow Myrna as she pushes Roy through a gate into a narrow back alley.

Nat stares, confused by the impossible briar patch like obstacle that blocks off the yard.

He bolts to try to move around with no luck.

He confidently runs head first into the waste. It is as impossibly thick as it is tall and wide.

Thrashing and shoving against the jungle of leaves, Nat BURSTS through the other side, falls upon the lawn, then recovers and jumps up.

Only losing a second, Nat regains his bearing and bolts into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Looking both ways, Nat sees the kids about one-hundred feet away to his left. Cal and Tyrone tail Myrna and Roy, the orb field dances around them - enchanted luminance in their air.

No hesitation - Nat tears towards them, draws his weapon.

Myrna turns back, see's Nat approach in the narrow alley.

MYRNA
Aw, c'mon!

She hustles, encourages her crew to follow.

The teenagers lose ground, Nat is gains on them.

CAL
Myrna! We didn't do anything, just stop!

TYRONE
Whatever, man. Rodney King probably said the same thing.

Roy glances at Tyrone- happy to be running away.

Myrna and friends reach a brick wall - the narrow alley ends.

Myrna gets frustrated, skids on her sneakers to a halt. The rest of the crew hops to a stop.

Without hesitation, Myrna concentrates on the Bell, tries to figure a way out.

Nat pushes pavement, closing in on the group.

BANG

WHOMP WHOP WHOMP

Myrna slams the Bell with the wand.

...then again....and again.

The force exiting The Bell gets crazy. A cyclone grows. The kids are blown by the force of it.

Nat reacts, slows as the force of wind makes it difficult to get closer to the kids.

BANG - WHAP WHOMP WHOMP

Myrna slams on the Bell, creating bursts of power. No longer just a soft haze, streams of color gush out through the orb.

Nat's eyes water, the figures of the teenagers can be made out behind the force, but they are obscured by the maelstrom.

GRINDING METALLIC WIND DRIVEN BONE CRUSHING NOISE

Fear, concern, and wonder register in the faces of the others, but Myrna is entranced.

Myrna throws The Bell towards the brick wall. Though hefty, this requires little effort on her part. The Bell flies away from her as though it had a motor and intention to collide with the wall...then it does.

SNAP HISS CRACK SHWOOOP

The force of winds, and noise dies down. The Bell is gone. A deep black hole appears on the brick wall, it swirls and ripples like a thick tar pond. Amazed, Myrna puts her hands towards it, as her finger nears the gooey fluid, it pulls away slightly from the wall - the substance wants to connect to her.

The other teenagers are flabbergasted.

CAL
Why'd you do that?

MYRNA
It... wanted me to I think.

CAL
And it wanted you to heal a bullet wound and do all this other shit too?

MYRNA
Yeah, okay? It’s like a game that teaches you how to play it.

ROY
(through pain)
Like the first level of Wolfenstein.

The others register surprise at Roy.

MYRNA
Yeah.

The kids back away from the black globs reaching off of the wall.

CAL
Let’s give ourselves up! Get away from this.

TYRONE
(amazed)
This is some crazy shit.

Nat approaches cautiously, still several yards off, holds his gun at his side. Clueless about what to do.

NAT
Stop, young lady.

Myrna is enamored by the vortex on the wall, but fires him a quick glance.

NAT (CONT’D)
I said stop right there. Everyone. Take a step towards me.

Roy puts his hands in the air, looks straight at Nat.

ROY
I didn’t want to do nothing. Arrest me.

Nat looks at Roy.

Myrna glances away from the wall, sees that Roy is taking paces away and towards the officer.

MYRNA
No!

She jumps towards Roy, grabs him by the neck of his shirt --

Yank. In a confident gesture, Myrna pulls Roy and throws him through the wall.

GLOOMP -- The gooey vortex envelops Roy and digests him.

CAL
No!

Nat pulls his gun up, aims it at Myrna.

TYRONE
What the hell, Myrna?! Chill out.

Nat thrusts his gun threateningly.

NAT
Down! Now! Right now!

Myrna flashes a delighted smirk. Keeps eye contact with Nat, she pounds the wall with the butt of her fist.

FLOOSH. Tar-like goo reaches out from the wall. Two giant, slug like forms reach out and pour themselves around Cal and Tyrone.

AWFUL SOUNDS, like a walrus eating a bowl of mayonnaise.

The goo sheathes the two teens, then --

FLASH SHLOOMP SUCK -- They are pulled into the wall.

Nat charges towards Myrna, his gun drawn.

NAT (CONT'D)
Dammit.

As he nears, Myrna stares him down. Her eyes widen, her grin turns up. She looks crazed.

Nat closes in - positioned to tackle her.

MYRNA
Fuck the police.

She throws her arms up defiantly with a *what* gesture. The vortex goo wraps itself around and over Myrna. She steps back and disappears into the black substance.

SHLUMP -- As she goes the black portal goes as well.

SLAM

Nat collides with the wall and tumbles to the ground.

PING -- The Bell and wand reappear on the ground next to Nat.

INT. BELL REALM - LIGHT

Pure white in open space from all points of view. Oversized gears and knobs dot the surrounding areas - sparse objects that appear illustrated.

A barrage of hip-hop and pop MUSIC plays - it sounds like several records of the Nineties jammed together.

Appearing spaced-out, Cal, Tyrone and Roy dangle in the air as if by strings- their limbs flail in an involuntary dance. They are costumed in harem pants and colorful graphic tank tops. Buggy eyes and gaping open mouths- alive but under a spell.

Except Roy - he blinks wildly, his mind awakens.

CHOKE -- GURGLE. Failing attempts to speak, and to call to:

MYRNA

Nearby, she is seated on a stool, maintaining excellent posture while unconscious.

A luminescent horn sized object is being drilled into her head, right where the third eye would be.

JASMINE, a stout, wide-faced RUSSIAN BLUE CAT of proper proportions, floats in a bipedal stance in front of Myrna. She’s pushing the horn in. Jasmine sports glistening costume jewelry - rings on her furry yet human like fingers, jelly sandals, bracelets on her tail, and a jeweled tiara. A kaleidoscope of rainbow hues cycle through her bright enchanted eyes as she bores into Myrna’s head with the horn.

Behind her, Myrna’s friends continue their odd out of sync, gyrating dance.

Roy suffers - SPUTTERING and straining to say something as he observes what is happening to Myrna. Despite his pained expression, his body keeps dancing.

Myrna’s eyes flutter open -

A blast of white light briefly encompasses everything.

Myrna looks about to get a bearing in her surroundings, light fluorescent tones begin to fill in the empty white surroundings. These glistening multipack highlighter like colors shimmer and move in hazy clouds.

Myrna's eyes widen upon seeing Jasmine.

SLAP -- Myrna swipes the cat away.

GREAWR - Jasmine howls.

MYRNA
What the hell?!

Myrna grabs and pulls at the horn that now juts out from her forehead.

Jasmine rebounds -- swipe, swipe, swat! She claws at Myrna - half menacing, half playful.

JASMINE
Y' hit me!? You wanna go, bitch?

MYRNA
AHHH! Don't talk to me cat!

Myrna bucks up her, her Doc Martin in the air, poised to kick Jasmine.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
I'll kick you. You're a cat?! You can't talk to me!

UNGH. Myrna frets, yanking at the horn.

JASMINE
<u>You</u> made me a frickin' cat!

MYRNA
No I didn't!

JASMINE
Did so!!

Jasmine gets up in Myrna's face and SNARLS.

Myrna SCREAMS, picks up Jasmine and throws her.

REOWRRR - the cat wails as she flies backwards.

In Myrna's frantic moves to pull out the horn, her head twists and she spots her dancing friends behind her.

MYRNA
Ew! They look straight out of an MC Hammer video.

Roy, the only one conscious, widens his eyes and struggles once more to talk. A huge lump makes its way up his throat, through his mouth --

PUKE - Roy vomits a bile of rainbow, sparkly glitter.

ROY
Help me? Please.

Claws out, Jasmine cautiously returns and approaches.

Myrna's frenzy subsides, her PANTING wains as she shares a look with Roy. She jolts and pivots towards Jasmine.

JASMINE
You rang The Bell, you took it upon yourself to come here!

Myrna glares at her.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
I had to tap you to access symbolic images from your subconscious just to remap the terrain to make this realm palatable to your simple, mush brain.

MYRNA
And that's this horn?

JASMINE
Yup. Like a unicorn right, kid?

MYRNA
But unicorns aren't real.

JASMINE
Oh. Well that doesn't matter. It's just a symbol.

MYRNA
But I hate unicorns... And I also hate cute cats!

Jasmine shrugs. Myrna points to the pile of glitter puke on the ground.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
And I hate sparkly, glitter and popular MTV shit music!I wouldn't create a terrible place like this in all my life.

JASMINE
Then you are having a strong emotional response to this imagery?

MYRNA
Hell yeah I am!... Oh.

JASMINE
(sarcastic)
For some reason I couldn't imagine, your negative emotions must have expressed themselves a bit stronger when I wtapped you.

MYRNA
Dang! ...
Just get them down then.

Myrna points to her dancing pals. Jasmine considers.

JASMINE
Nah. You get them down. Call it training.

Myrna rears her boot up, threatening to kick.

MYRNA
(rhetorical)
I made this world didn't I?

JASMINE
You're the visitor. I'm the hospitality bureau.

Myrna brings her boot down, then softens.

MYRNA
Okay, cat. So...training?

JASMINE
You're not the only ones here. We don't know why you're here and, full disclosure, I have competing allegiances. Take them down... and you might learn a little about how to operate here.

MYRNA
Fine. Whatever.

Myrna stares at her hands and makes a bread kneading motion. Light forms at her fingertips.

Jasmine smirks.

Myrna points her fingers towards gyrating crew in a “jazz hands” gesture.

Sparkly rainbow light flies from her fingertips towards the kids. It is inconsistent, falters - light waxing and waning.

Roy grimaces as light covers and fills him.

ROY
Ah! Careful.

Myrna is concentrating but pauses to glare at Jasmine.

MYRNA
Really? Rainbows?

JASMINE
Your subconscious, sister.

Myrna glowers.

INT. JACKIE’S HOUSE - SAME

Nat BURSTS through the back door into the living room.

PANTING. Sweaty. His gun still drawn. The Bell under his arm.

NAT
Stop! Down!

Nat waves his gun around the room. Jackie and Wick are gone.

His heart races, he touches his temple, unsure of his sanity.

He points his gun again.

NAT (CONT’D)
You! Stop. Down on the ground.

He drops the gun downwards towards his hip, hits his head, accepting that he’s lost them.

NAT (CONT'D)
Shit!...Shit, shit, shit.

CRACKLE -- his hip radio.

DISPATCH
Nat, Your twenty? Officers arrived at your code. Where are you?

NAT
Shit!

BLEDEW DOOP - Nat clicks the radio to answer back.

NAT (CONT'D)
Ten-four. Uh. Damnit, man. Personal. Take me out.

DISPATCH
What?! Nat... I gotta report this. C'mon just--

NAT
...Just gimme a minute, man.

Nat turns down the audio on his walkie, muting his dispatch. He surveys Jackie's living room, wondering what his move is.

INT. BELL REALM - SAME

Cal and Tyrone are waking up, still suspended next to Roy. Myrna is shooting rainbow rays at them through her fingers.

PUKE - glitter bile tumbles from their mouths, they stir awake.

CAL
Hey! No! Help me?!

TYRONE
Nasty! Glitter in my mouth?!

ROY
Just gimme down!

Myrna's efforts continue and the boys pull away, seeming to struggle against invisible shackles, they emerge from a creamy white chrysalis.

PLOP - they each fall several feet to the ground, right on top of their piles of glittery puke and vomit. The boys YELP and GRUNT.

Cal tries to stand up but slips and falls in the mess again.

CAL
What the hell, Myrna?! You have a horn!

TYRONE
Um. That's a cat right there!

Tyrone points to Jasmine. Through clumsy struggle each kid is able to stand - covered in slick rainbow glitter.

ROY
It's even crazier.

CAL
Dude you were shot and you're talking to me right now?!

Myrna kind of enjoys her friends losing their shit.

Cal puts his hands up to shield Jasmine from his view and steps up to Myrna.

CAL (CONT'D)
I can't even deal with a bipedal cat right now I just want you to tell me what the hell's going on!

MYRNA
She's just like... another dimensional being or something. She looks like a cat so we can understand her cause we are in a whole other--

Jasmine steps up to the crew.

JASMINE
--Stop! I'll tell it. You arrived here through a device that exists in your dimension of space that transports you to this realm which is otherwise outside your normal sensory experience. It is casually referred to as the Bell and came into existence accidentally through Nazi research experiments--

Jasmine notices the boys mouths agape.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
--but don't look surprised. What did they think would happen when you mix helium, a centrifuge and the spontaneous discovery of anti-matter?

CAL
Stop this Myrna. We're not Nazi's.

JASMINE
Neither is the universe. And this club ain't exclusive, kid. Also, you might just meet a few soon so play nice.

The boys turn their heads towards each other in surprised glances. Tyrone darts his head around.

TYRONE
Where's a Nazi?! Fuck that.

MYRNA
I didn't have any Nazi's in my subconscious! I don't have strong feelings towards Nazi's.

CAL
(shocked)
You don't?

MYRNA
Well no I mean, the Holocaust was horrible and I hate Nazi's and all but I never like, think about them much.

TYRONE
Until today.

CAL
You know. That old guy.

TYRONE
And you kinda liked him.

ROY
(to Jasmine)
Can we do that magic like she did ?

JASMINE
No.

CAL
C'mon. Let's leave.

JASMINE
No.

MYRNA
Why are there Nazi's here and where are they?

JASMINE
This place wasn't empty when you arrived. And they're not going to like the redecorating you've done.

ROY
We took over their turf?

Jasmine looks to Roy.

JASMINE
Yes. You could say that. One of them will be especially pissed off. You'll see, she still has some hold over this realm and we will run into remnants of her era.

CAL
Let's just find a way out before we run into any of em.

MYRNA
No way!

CAL
What. You wanna get murdered by the Third Reich?

MYRNA
Y'know how long it took me to learn to bash out a few crummy chords together on a guitar?
(pause)
Look.

With a brush of her hand through the air and a sparkly twinkle to her fingers Myrna tussles Cal's hair. Cal reaches up to fix it and WHOOMP, Myrna pantses him in the same manner. Cal picks them up as Tyrone CHUCKLES.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
It took me no time at all to get the hang of this, and I gotta see how far I can take it.

ROY
(to Jasmine)
Cat. I don't even know these people. Lemme go. Please.

MYRNA
Haven't you listened, kid? I'm the one with the power.

SHUMP - Roy is shoved back a foot by an air pocket emanating from Myrna.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
You look like a bass player. And we need one.

TYRONE
(accusing)
Why's he look like a bass player?

A pregnant nod of her head and a clear, translucent bass appears around Roy. His hands and fingers are then forced into playing position.

More twinkling of her fingers, rainbows fly from them and POP - Cal now sits behind a drum kit and Tyrone behind his keyboard.

A SNAP of her fingers and Myrna has a guitar.

JASMINE
Looks like one way to test your powers... A lame-o way.

CHINGA SLASH BAP BOW - Myrna starts CLAMORING away on her guitar. She shoots <u>laser rainbows</u> off her horn to make her friends join in.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nat rushes out of Jackie's home in time to catch a glimpse of taillights pulling away from the front of the house.

He rushes and jumps into his squad car.

INT./EXT. NAT'S PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nat fires up and guns the engine.

WROOOOOO - Lights and sirens up.

He quickly closes in on the OLD STATION WAGON.

NAT
(through speaker)
Pull over.

The Station Wagon accelerates through the narrow street.

Nat becomes determinate. Navigating his squad car, he does a PIT maneuver.

The station wagon swings and SCREECHES.

Another pit maneuver and the car loses control, SLAMS into parked vehicles, ping ponging between the two sides of the street and SMASHING into cars.

Careening out of control, Jackie's vehicle SLAMS its hood into a parked van.

Nat BRAKES to a halt and jumps out of the squad car.

Jackie leaps from the drivers seat of the Station Wagon, blood streams down his forehead from a new head injury. He charges towards Nat.

Nat doesn't hesitate and outmatches the old man. He grabs him at the elbow, twists his arm back and forces Jackie to the ground.

The back-door swings open from Station Wagon and Wick busts out, running away from Jackie and Nat.

Nat spots him and quickly handcuffs Jackie then chases after Wick.

EXT. PURPLE TWO BEDROOM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wick BUSTS through a latched, low chain-link fence, fleeing into a backyard.

Wick looks for refuge, Nat is close behind, passing into the yard also.

Flashlight in one hand, gun drawn in the other. Nat is upon Wick.

NAT
Freeze, asshole! Freeze!

Wick throws his hands up, light shining his scared eyes.

EXT. STREET AT JACKIE'S PATROL CAR - SAME

Jackie, cuffed, has taken The Bell from the squad car. He huddles next to it on the sidewalk. He clumsily holds the wand in his cuffed hands and WHOMPS the Bell.

WHAPS it again, then on the third strike - WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP

Nat returns, guiding Wick who is cuffed as well.

NAT
No! Stop!

Jackie hits the Bell - WHAP WHAP WHAP.

Jackie grimaces, the growing orb of light swirling around The Bell darkens and morphs into ooey-gooey blackness.

Nat draws out his gun - *points it at Jackie?* No - his arm moves -POW POW POW. He fires directly into the black goo, which absorbs the bullets as it grows larger.

Jackie looks into the black mass fearfully.

JACKIE
I'm sorry, Gryda.

He grimaces and rolls his body halfway into the goop. The Bell mass vibrates wildly, its HUM reaching a higher pitch and frequency.

WICK
What the fuck, man?! Don't throw me into that shit, pig.

NAT
Shut up!

Nat studies the gyrating black blob and contemplates reaching in to pull out Jackie's form. As he hesitates the mass vibrates and HUMS.

NAT (CONT'D)
Damn!

WICK
The fuck is this?! Lemme go, man.

Nat looks to Wick, gives him a powerful "shut the fuck up stink-eye".

Nat holsters his gun.

Wick looks at Nat's gun, *thinks about jumping the officer*. Nat catches this and the two size each other up.

SHLUAP!

Jackie emerges from the goo. The Bell sucks into itself, the wand sits on the sidewalk. The Bell and surroundings appear normal.

Jackie stifles a CRY.

JACKIE
I can't do it.
(in German)
I am a coward.

Nat runs over, grabs the Bell and takes a few steps away from Jackie with it.

INT. BELL REALM - SAME

Myrna and her crew are still banging out a TUNE. It's a GRUNGE type art-rock song, but Jasmine is swaying and dancing a long as if it were a pop hit. The song is recognizable as one they were playing in the garage earlier, although it sucks less now.

The realm around them gradually loses its plain white emptiness. The space expands, the ground is a multicolored grassy phosphorescence, roads are present that are paved with shimmering rainbows.

Myrna glances around, taking this in as the haze dissipates and the psychedelic, pop-art terrain becomes sharper.

Stealing her attention, Cal loses the BEAT a bit and fumbles in a drum fill. Myrna shoots rainbow beams at him from her eyes and he finds the beat again.

JASMINE
You can control them, your friends. Do you find that exercising control over others is a responsible use of power?

MYRNA
You told me to figure it out so shut up and keep dancing.

In the distance a YOUNG WOMAN approaches, emerging from glistening haze. Myrna notices her, steels her eyes.

This young woman is GYRDA (white, looks 10). She wears smart and prim Nazi era German style clothes- wool, grey and sharp. Flanking and following her are 15 SS and NAZI OFFICERS. Colors grey under their feet, each STOMP STOMP CLICK CLACK sending ripples of cool to dissolve the color applied by Myrna.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
(to her band)
Stop!

The music SHAMBLES and continues. Myrna shoots rainbow rays from her eyes that BLEW PEW and disappears her friends instruments.

CLICK CLACK CLOMP STOMP

JASMINE
I tried to warn you.

The Nazi's slowly near. Cal, Tyrone and Roy notice them.

MYRNA
Great. Here comes the old tenants.

CAL
Nazi's?!

TYRONE
Oh hell no!

ROY
I didn't know anything bout bass guitar and I ain't messin' with some Nazi shit!

Gyrda connects eyes with Myrna from far off in a menacing manner.

MYRNA
What do I do? Fight them? Hit them with rainbows?

JASMINE
Now you want my help! A minute ago you just wanted me to dance.

MYRNA
You're supposed to teach me!

JASMINE
Says who?! I tried, kid. Geez! Ya think I wanna go back to her?! I hope she doesn't recognize me.

Jasmine extends her arms out and gives herself a glance over.

MYRNA
Hard to miss a cat.

JASMINE
I looked way different to her...
like a giant ram or goat thingy.

Tyrone glares at Jasmine.

CLICK CLOP

Gyrda and the Nazi's are upon them - Cal twitches in fear as Tyrone and Roy back away apprehensively. Each Nazi and SS officer has sewn up mouths and eyes colored pure red.

Gyrda only speaks German throughout.

GYRDA
(German)
It is you who are destroying my homeland?

MYRNA
We don't want any trouble, we come in peace.

Myrna's balled up fists and eyes, poised to shoot deadly rainbows, say otherwise.

GYRDA
(disgusted)
Amerikanisch?!

Gyrda angers - does a heil gesture and starts shooting stark silver lines out of her hands.

Myrna and company duck to avoid the rays which aren't meant to hit them. The rays zap the colorful landscape of Myrna's creation and replace the dreamlike foliage and rainbows with grey building and sidewalks - round playful curves become sharp functional angles.

Gyrda is resolute and serious.

MYRNA
What is she doing?

JASMINE
She doesn't like what you've done with the place..

The new buildings don't stick around, they dissolve into colorful foliage and rainbows once more. As Gyrda tries to zap more, her powers dissipate, diminishing SPARKS fly from her fingers and sputter out.

GYRDA
Damn!

JASMINE
Her powers are failing her. She ain't gonna like this.

GYRDA
You!

Gyrda recognizes Jasmine, and the cat MEEPS upon realizing she's been found out.

JASMINE
(in German)
Hey I just go where the job takes me. Arbeit macht frie and all that jazz.

Gyrda trains her angry eyes on Myrna. With a heil gesture she points to an SS OFFICER - **BODO EWERS.** His eyes dissolve to steel blue and his mouth becomes unbound.

BODO
Heil, Blockleiter!

Bodo snaps to, submitting to Gyrda.

JASMINE
We have American pigs here, find out what they want.

<u>Bodo speaks English</u>. CLICKS his heels and spins to the teens.

BODO
You are in the new motherland. Identify yourselves.

CAL
Cal here, Sir.

Myrna shoots him a look - shut up!

TYRONE
I don't have to tell a Nazi <u>shit</u>!

Roy looks to Tyrone, becomes emboldened.

ROY
Yeah!

MYRNA
Hey shut up, guys.

GYRDA
Tell them I will have them lined up and shot.

BODO
Identify yourselves or you will be summarily shot.

GYRDA
Draw your weapons. We will kill them and take back my power.
(to Jasmine)
I'll do what I should have long ago and put the traitor down.

The Nazi and SS officers quickly unholster and direct guns towards Myrna's crew.

Cal drops to the ground and covers his head.

MYRNA
(to Jasmine)
What other powers do I have? What else can I do.

JASMINE
I dunno, kid. Rather, that's for me to know and you to find out.

Gyrda pulls out a MAUSER pistol and FIRES.

SPLAT - Roy is wounded and crumples to the ground, SCREAMING as he goes down.

Myrna, Cal and Tyrone all react.

TYRONE
No! Ain't the little brother had enough.

MYRNA
That does it!

Myrna starts to shoot blasts of rainbows at the Nazi gang. They are covered in glistening glittery rays of light.

At first surprised, the Nazi officers begin to react, they GIGGLE. The rainbow rays are tickling them.

Cal looks back and forth between Myrna and the tickle suffering Nazi's.

GYRDA
(through tickles)
Shoot them!

BODO
(through tickles)
Stop this! You will all be killed.

The Nazi's begin to point and FIRE their weapons towards the teenagers.

POW POW PEW POW - The bullets fly in blasts of smoke but soon slew within the light of the rainbows. As they reach the teenagers each bullet POPS like a firecracker and fizzles into a splash of glitter.

Cal and Tyrone flinch and react, but relax when they see Myrna is handling the onslaught. Jasmine looks to Myrna with a flash of pride on her face.

Myrna struggles, increasing her aggressive firing of rainbows as light pours both from her hands and eyes towards the Nazi's.

MYRNA
C'mon, really?! I can't kill these racist shitheads!?

Roy rises on his own, rubbing his shoulder. He flicks off a black goo which was the bullet.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
You're okay?!

JASMINE
Those guys wasted all their real ammunition trying to fire their way out of here years ago. Anything they have left comes from the little ability Gyrda has to harness power.

Myrna delights at this, LAUGHING.

MYRNA
So we got these Nazi turds! They have no power over us!

The Nazi officers charge towards Myrna and friends.

JASMINE
Well, they're still some of the most battle hardened monsters from one of the most evil regimes from the history of your plane of existence.

The teenagers react.

GYRDA
Forget your guns. Wring their necks! Steal the life from them.

CAL
Shit. Let's run guys.

Myrna struggles to hold the Nazi's back, straining to fire rainbows at them. The Nazi's reach ever closer towards the kids. Light washes over and around them like they are slowly making their way up the current of a river. Struggling, *but they will reach the kids*.

MYRNA
What do I do?

GYRDA
The traitor first!

Bodo breaks through the light rays, managing to clasp Jasmine by the neck.

JASMINE
REOWRRRR!
(through a chokehold)
Something! Do something!

Myrna darts her eyes around, then closes them in thought.

MYRNA
(mumbles to self)
Something. Do something.

A CLASP of a thunder like sound, then a WHINNY utterance.

A GIANT UNICORN arrives, crashing down, hooves smashing into the Nazi's. Jasmine is freed. Winged and horselike yet distinct, with glistening feather like textured skin, she looks back towards Myrna, happily searching for approval.

Myrna looks into the creatures eyes with disappointed resignation.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
Damnit. Really?

The unicorn lays a wing out like a ramp and Myrna runs up onto its back.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
Argh. Fine!

She mounts the majestic animal. Unicorn bucks up on its hind legs and takes a leap into flight.

Gyrda and the surrounding SS and Nazi officers look up in amazement.

GYRDA
Forget her. Kill the rest.

The Nazi's approach the trans-dimensional cat and teenagers.

Having reversed course the Unicorn bares down upon the Nazi's, smashing down upon the encroaching group.

BONE CRUNCHING SOUNDS - a few of the Officers are crushed to death by the force of the beast.

TYRONE
Ai Carumba!

The winged beast rears back again, SLAMS its front hooves down upon a Nazi's head and BOOM BOOM BOOM, crushes it many times to ensure death.

Myrna is merely riding the creature, bouncing about on its back and clinging on for dear life - shocked by the violence.

Gyrda looks on from several yards away. She connects eyes with Bodo who has managed to survive. A few surviving Nazi's have backed away from the blood bath, a few others lie dead.

Jasmine hops up onto the Unicorn. Cal observes this and runs to mount the creature as well.

CAL
(to Tyrone and Roy)
C'mon!

Unicorn turns his head and see's the kids approaching, holds out a wing for them to mount.

Everyone fits snug together upon Unicorn. The beast bucks back and with a flap of its wings takes flight. Jasmine leans into Myrna's ear.

JASMINE
You could easily finish them you know?

MYRNA
Running away is good enough for now... besides, I don't think I'm in control.

Unicorn looks back and connects eyes with Myrna, not necessarily agreeing or disagreeing - just a puppy dog looking for approval.

EXT. REALM SKY - MOMENTS LATER

The Unicorn glides across the sky, cutting through and around rainbows and glistening rays of light. Jasmine, Myrna, Tyrone, Cal and Roy all ride, clinging onto his back.

AS they fly we glimpse the expansive terrain. Fantastical waterways, beautiful grassy hills. Remnants of the stark Nazi like structures left by Myrna morph into playful landscape as the crew flies by.

While conversing the teenagers rubberneck this world with amazed expressions.

ROY
What you gonna name her?

Myrna regards Roy.

MYRNA
I may have dreamed her up, but I don't have to name her.

CAL
What about Uno?

MYRNA
Fine. Whatever.

TYRONE
She's a he.

CAL
I think Unicorns are girls usually.

TYRONE
Fine. <u>She</u> has a huge dick though.

Jasmine LAUGHS at this over exuberantly. Myrna glares at her.

MYRNA
How do I park this bitch?

Unicorn circles over a patch of land.

INT/EXT. NAT'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Nat's in the front, in the backseat behind the cage Jackie and Wick sit cuffed.

WICK
Get me away from this freaky ol' busta! I ain't got nothin' to do with him.

Nat considers.

TIME CUT

Nat continues to pilot the vehicle, now Wick rides next to him. Jackie is frozen in the backseat with a forlorn expression.

NAT
Why'd you break into his house.

WICK
I didn't break in, he let me in.

NAT
If you don't have anything to do with him, why'd he let you in.

WICK
Man, I'm tryin' to sell some candy for the boys and girls club. Why you following me for anyhow?

NAT
Lemme see the candy.

Wick PSHHHS and pulls a Snickers bar out of his pocket. Nat snatches it and sets it to his side.

WICK
Hey, man, shit! That's for my college fund.

NAT
It's evidence. You were shoplifting from Speedy's Liquor.

WICK
Psh, it's for a good cause.

NAT
Ethics 101, punk.

Nat has peeled the wrapper and takes a big bite of the candy bar.

Wick reacts and the two look at each other - a connection of sorts. Jackie MOANS from the back.

JACKIE
(in German, crying)
I have no motherland. I abandoned my daughter. I'm worthless, scum!

Wick is frustrated.

WICK
Am I under arrest?! Or What?!

Nat thinks hard.

NAT
What do <u>you</u> think I can do about this?

Nat blows frustrated air out of his mouth.

NAT (CONT'D)
I damn sure can't put a report out on this.

WICK
You gonna report that you shot my boy... boy?!

NAT
C'mon! You saw that girl heal him like it was nothing. And you didn't even see the half of it!

Nat chokes the steering wheel.

NAT (CONT'D)
No. You saw enough. There's something fucked up behind all this and it has something to do with that thing.
(re: Bell)
You know enough. You're gonna play along with me, kid.

Wick shakes his head.

WICK
(sarcastic deferential)
Course I am, Officer. Anything you say, <u>Sir</u>.

Nat glares at him and CLICKS his radio.

DISPATCH
(through radio)
Alverson. There you are! Your twenty?!

NAT
Had an impromptu wellness check on an at risk youth.

Nat glares at Wick.

NAT (CONT'D)
Looks like my samaritanism could bring us some actionables. I'm going to bring him in and have a pow-wow.

DISPATCH
Nat. You left me with that call. You--

NAT
--You covered me.

DISPATCH
Yeah. I did but--

NAT
--Thanks.

DISPATCH
You better not pull this shit again...

Nat holsters the radio, all while staring at Wick.

WICK
I ain't no snitch man. I ain't know shit bout--

NAT
--Just shut up. I bought us time, idiot. If you don't know enough to see I'm as scared and lost as you, then we really are fucked.

Wick swallows, regards the officer.

EXT. REALM MESA - NIGHT

The air is a thick purplish hue- night, with prismatic stars and a full, humongous moon that moves quickly across the sky.

Roy, Cal, Tyrone, Myrna and Jasmine sit around a campfire that dances in sparkly, neon colors- creating a light show across their faces.

MYRNA
(frustrated)
Why did a fire even appear? It's not cold or even dark. It's not hot! This place is nothing!

CAL
It's perfect out here.

The fire POPS and food floats out like embers- pizza, hamburgers and tacos drift up into the sky.

TYRONE
Yes!

The boys all grab something to nosh on, even Jasmine hops up and snags a hamburger. They dig in.

ROY
I was starvin'.

TYRONE
Not gonna eat, Myrna?

CAL
Aren't you hungry?

MYRNA
Of course I'm hungry. That's probably why this food started magically floating out the fire.
(to Jasmine)
Isn't it?

Jasmine is gnawing on food and excitedly nods "yes".

MYRNA (CONT'D)
An you guys think you can trust this?

JASMINE
You can trust it.

MYRNA
Why should I trust you?

JASMINE
(through a bite)
I dunno... don't.

Myrna smacks a taco out of Cal's hands, then smacks a slice of pizza away from Tyrone. Then she glares at Roy as he is about to take a bite of taco, she is poised to smack it away but hesitates.

MYRNA
Do whatever you like I guess, kid.

Myrna turns to look at Cal and Tyrone, Roy looks disappointed.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
Don't get comfortable with this place, we have to figure a way out.

JASMINE
Geez, you sound like the other boss girl.

MYRNA
If this is all from my subconscious, why can't I change it? Why a Unicorn when I would have preferred like a gargoyle beast, or King Kong or something?

JASMINE
The road map was already set. The web and language, created. It's like the dimension and layer of the universe you came from. You think blue is just blue because that's the way it is? It's an array of symbols agreed upon by your kind billions of years ago! Like everything else it gets more complex and intricate over time, but the basic patterns were decided and set in place. When you arrived here and took over, you created this place in an instant.

TYRONE
A big bang.

CAL
Yeah, like a big bang.

MYRNA
(profound)
I'm a God.

JASMINE
Wow. Don't get too excited, Miss Rainbows.

Myrna digests her thought and comes to her senses.

MYRNA
Fine. I want to get out of here.

TYRONE
Yeah, when's the last level? How do you beat this game?

JASMINE
That's what that other kid, Gyrda, has been obsessed over since she arrived.

MYRNA
What and when's that?

JASMINE
Time is tricky here, but basically since those clothes were in style.

CAL
The Nazi getup?!

ROY
(shocked outburst)
That was like hundreds of years ago?!

The crew turns heads towards Roy.

TYRONE
Pretty close to it.

Myrna adopts a hundred yard stare directed at the fire. Cal and Tyrone notice, then the boys look at each other worriedly.

Myrna kicks the fire - BEWSH! A rainbow flies out from the embers before the fire settles back down to normal.

MYRNA
No! I am not spending the rest of my life here.

CAL
Hey! Cool it!

MYRNA
You! Shut up. We need to raise some hell and get the hell out of here.
(to Jasmine)
How?!

Jasmine stops chewing, and merely shrugs at Myrna.

Myrna furls her brow and generates a rainbow beam that shoots around Jasmine's neck and chokes the cat.

Jasmine wriggles around and fumbles out from the beam, collapsing to the ground with a REOWRRR!

MYRNA (CONT'D)
What's the connection here guys! It's this little bitch here. How do we know she isn't the one running the show and holding us captive.

TYRONE
Why would she give you the magic then?

CAL
And you brought us here! She's just been trying to help and you've been sass talking her this whole time!

MYRNA
Ever heard the saying "bigger cages longer chains" ? She gives us a modicum of control and autonomy and all of a sudden we're happy little canaries.

Jasmine makes a comical WHISTLE, briefly capturing the groups attention in an attempt to lighten the mood.

JASMINE
I thought you'd be better than the other one. I think you're worse.

Myrna's eyes blaze with angry rainbows, she gets up in Jasmine's face.

MYRNA
I woke up with you drilling this horn into my head! Then I have magic powers! Then I'm supposedly the boss around here?!
(MORE)

MYRNA (CONT'D)
And, and there's Nazi's and rainbows and colorful kiddie bullshit. I'm clearly not the boss, but guess what. I QUIT!

JASMINE
To continue your analogy, I'm just like a regional trainer here, I'm compelled to help with what and how I can. Believe me, based on my experiences I wish I could kick all you bloody skin sacks out and lock the door behind you.

Myrna struggles once more to remove the horn - pointless.

MYRNA
Where'd that flying rat go.

She searches around for the Unicorn.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
I am not going to sit around and Kumbaya like this is okay.

Concerned, Cal steps up to Myrna, poised to assert himself.

CAL
Just calm down. We'll all help, okay? But we do need to eat, we need to sleep too.

MYRNA
Thanks for sharing, but we don't have time for your complacent, laissez faire attitude right now, Cal.

Tyrone steps up now too, as Roy and Jasmine watch.

TYRONE
Just lay off him.

MYRNA
Great you too?!
(Myrna looks around)
Unicorn! Stupid Unicorn! Where are you.

CAL
It's not smart to just run off. We gotta stick together.

MYRNA
Is it? Cause you guys area always with me right?

CAL
Yes actually.

MYRNA
But on your terms and that's the problem right there. I didn't tell you to follow me to the old mans house in the first place. All I ever asked you to do is pick up your instruments to practice once in awhile on not sound like shitty amateurs. You can't do that but you can't damn sure follow me and bring along cops and robbers with you to boot!

TYRONE
That was a coincidence actually.

Cal looks hurt by Myrna's tirade.

MYRNA
What's even in this for you, Tyrone? I mean I understand you Cal.

Myrna looks right into Cal's eyes, ready to tear him down.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
I'm the only girl that ever paid you attention right? Without me you'd probably be happy hitting a stupid tambourine in the marching band . I shouldn't have ever given you a shot. It's plain that you'd always just see me as some adolescent sex challenge. You'd hold out on your absent chance that I could EVER see you like that and hold me back all along the way...Poser.

Cal's eyes are wet, holding back tears. Tyrone steps in between the two.

TYRONE
You're just wrong. He hasn't ever been anything less than the best friend you don't even deserve.
(MORE)

TYRONE (CONT'D)
But you can't just go on playing people like puppets--

ROY
--Hey!

Roy enters the fray.

ROY (CONT'D)
C'mon. This. This is just stupid!

MYRNA
Yeah, you're right.

Myrna shoves her fingers in her mouth and WHISTLES. Exasperated when the Unicorn doesn't appear. Instead a POGO BALL appears which Mryna looks at with disgust.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
Uh. Whatever! I'm done with this shit.

She bounces- one...two...THREE times and blasts off into the sky leaving a rainbow trail.

Roy TSKS, his face showing angered emotion.

Tyrone recognizes his pain and motions to him - *c'mon*.

The two amble away, leaving Jasmine to stare at a dejected Cal.

JASMINE
Yeah...so that was rough. But she was pretty on point, huh?... Right?

Cal tries to ignore the cat.

INT. NAT'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jackie has a thousand yard stare as ...

CLICK CLACK

... his hands are cuffed to the refrigerator handle by Nat.

Nat looks displeased but-

NAT
We can't just stroll into the station with an old man like you. Not until we get more info and can figure this thing out.

Nat walks away from the fridge, Wick stands by and stares at Jackie.

NAT (CONT'D)
Maybe by morning you'll have something to tell me.

Wick opens the fridge.

KNOCK - The door lightly hits against Jackie's head as Wick pushes the man away to get into the fridge.

Nat turns around to see Wick pull out and CRACK open a canned beer. SLURP.

NAT (CONT'D)
Get that off your breath!

Nat snatches the beer away from Wick.

EXT. REALM MESA - NIGHT

Cal walks away from the campfire, ambling into a forest of trees sprouting lollipops and other candy.

Tyrone and Roy are in conversation next to the fire, sitting on a pink inflatable air couch. In the background Jasmine juggles tennis balls which leave trails of rainbow glitter.

ROY
You actually listen to her? She just boss you around like that?

TYRONE
She's alright. Gets angry, but she's kinda like a mad genius.

ROY
She played us like puppets. That didn't feel right. I don't know <u>nothin'</u> bout music!

TYRONE
Ha! Me neither. But she cares ...and makes me want to.

Tyrone stares into the fire.

ROY
I got someone like her... I don't want to follow no more. I don't know where to go.

TYRONE
Yeah? Does that have something to do with you bein' at that old Nazi's house?

Roy and Tyrone look at each other.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Nat walks briskly, pulling one of Wick's arms. Nat carries a box under his other arm.

WICK
I tole you we was just tryin' a sell candy, man.

Wick pulls away his arm and rubs his wrist.

WICK (CONT'D)
Damn mu'fucka! Shit still hurts from the cuffs. Now imma 'spose to pretend we all friends and shit?!

Nat stops him in his tracks, looks the boy in his eyes and pleads.

NAT
Put it this way. You have immunity now, okay. No more ego's. You're not going to get in trouble, so let's just work this out together. Play possum, pretend you're a good little herb, okay? We're buying time to figure this out. Together.

WICK
I ain't no snitch.

NAT
You saw most of what happened back there. If you want to get your friend out of this thing...
(indicates to box)
you'd be wise to help me.

WICK
Negro, for all I know you merked my boy. I'm not tryin' a think about all that weird shit.

Nat looks towards the station, frustrated.

NAT
K, well. You're going in with me, this can go two ways and it's up to you.

Nat turns from Wick and resumes walking towards the station.

WICK
Shit!

Wick punches the air, then moves to catch up to Nat.

EXT. BELL REALM - LIGHT

Myrna seethes with balled fists in a haze of prismatic light. She looks all around her, one could sense she see's more than the haze and shafts of light visible to us.

She punches the air in fast tai-chi or karate like moves. Each motion accompanied by an aggressive YELP or RE-ARGH. Fits of frustrated anger.

She walks through the haze to try and get away. The haze dissipates to reveal the walls of a miniature pink bricked princess castle. Myrna pounds at the walls of the twenty foot by twenty foot structure.

MYRNA
No. No princess shit!

She pulls down the drawbridge violently. Throwing punches at it and trying to rip it off of the structure. Her fists blast out shafts of rainbow light blasts.

She smashes at the wooden ramp, pulling off pieces of it and tossing them into the bubbly, purple water filled moat. She punches kicks and smashes at the walls - foaming with rage.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
AHHHH!!

She spins away from the structure and runs back into the rainbow nothingness.

Tearing through a grassy meadow, she shoots rainbows from her eyes and throws beams of light from her fists.

She strikes a large butterfly. Explodes a rainbow with another. Knocks over a doe eyed cow with a flying kick.

A tantrum and fit of destruction as Myrna fights against the Bell Realm.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
I will fucking get out of this Rainbow Bright, Lisa Frank holocaust!

We hear an echo of her voice and pull back through the mist, gaining speed and flying away from Myrna through the prismatic showers of colors in the prismatic realm to arrive:

AT GYRDA

Gyrda lays against grey concrete rubble. The handful of Nazi's remaining in her crew stand by- the group is recuperating. They are amongst one of the remaining shells of the realm as it was under her reign, a burnt and torn swastika banner lying nearby. Gyrda visibly fumes, pensive eyes transmitting that her mind is scheming.

We hear the SCREAMS and YELPS of Myrna not too far off.

Gyrda's eyes, *she hears them and is listening*.

AT MYRNA

Near Myrna, Cal arrives at the crest of a hilltop above Myrna's location. He slyly peers over, sadness and concern registering in his eyes.

He see's Myrna below, CRYING as she punches and throws sparkling, violent rainbows out of her. They explode in the air like fireworks.

INT. POLICE STATION - NAT

Nat walks briskly, nodding to a OLDER DETECTIVE sitting at their desk as he passes. Wick keeps pace following him, but appears to be somewhat nervous.

NAT
(sotto)
Remember, you're a goodie two shoes Boys and Girls Club hood nerd.

WICK
(whispering)
I look like a nerd to you?

NAT
Maybe. Just try.

As their walk continues, they approach a desk cluster where a **PETER HOLMSTEAD** (white, 55) chats up two FEMALE OFFICERS. The group of Officers eye Nat and Wick as they cross paths.

NAT (CONT'D)
Hey, hey. Evening, Sirs.

PETER HOLMSTEAD
A little far off the range, ain't ya officer?

NAT
Just pulling in to have a chat with a future leader of America. Mind if I take it into the break room?

Nat halts before passing the officers and pivots to address them.

NAT (CONT'D)
Since you guys seem to be taking lunch out here.

The others smirk, but Peter is annoyed. Nat turns to continue away from them, but before they are gone -

PETER HOLMSTEAD
What's in the box?

Nat briefly returns.

NAT
Candy.
(indicates to Wick)
The kids selling em for the Boys and Girls club... got a dollar?

Peter and the others seem to think about it.

PETER
Maybe on your way out.

Nat walks away, Wick shoots an angry glance back at Peter.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wick rifles through the fridge in the dingy, small break room. Nat opens the box and looks at The Bell and wand inside. Wick returns and sits down nonchalantly while eating a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

NAT
The hell am I gonna do with this thing... and with you?

Nat and Wick lock eyes.

WICK
I got a brotha that could prolly turn a buck on that.

NAT
You saw what this thing could do, it healed a gunshot wound on your friend.

WICK
You shot him.

NAT
I came in and you were about to shoot what looked like a nice ordinary old man.

WICK
A nice white old man.

NAT
You saw enough, you know this isn't a normal trinket. I'm telling you, I chased those kids and they escaped right inside this thing.

Wick PSSSHS in a dramatic laugh.

WICK
Oh they some genies in a bottle, huh?

Nat sits down across from Wick.

NAT
We need to figure out the secret to this thing before I have to explain why and under what circumstances I discharged my weapon and why there is a bunch of kids missing.

WICK
Sounds like your problem. You were the one who bust into an old mans house and shot at a bunch of good kids selling candy.

Wick smirks at Nat. Nat bristles and stretches his hand out upon the table.

NAT
Sure. I might be in some shit here. But I got a weapon in your possession too.
(MORE)

NAT (CONT'D)
You can either help me try to figure all this out, or I come up with a nice story about you.

Wick shakes his head and CHUCKLES - *not surprised that a cop would lie.*

WICK
Alright, I'll play this game with you for a bit... but why you bein' such a pussy round them crackers anyhow?

NAT
You think the police aren't too fond of you.
(grimace)
Maybe sometimes I feel kinda like that too.

WICK
Why you bein' such an Uncle Tom for then anyhow?

NAT
Maybe I don't want to believe the place this world has put us in. If we refuse to see it, maybe we can make that world disappear.

Nat studies Wick's eyes - *does the kid hear him* ?

WICK
Aight. Oprah.

Nope. It seems Nat understands the cornball optimism he spouts is unrealistic and he continues in acquiescence.

NAT
(sarcastic)
Be the change you want to see in the world.

Wick PSHHS and shakes his head.

NAT (CONT'D)
Okay. So the worlds a toilet and treats us like we're the waste. But we proceed ahead like we got a shot against being flushed...okay?

Nat locks eyes with Wick. Wicks sighs acceptance and it appears the two make a functioning truce.

The door OPENS and Seargent Dell enters.

NAT (CONT'D)
Dell, Seargent.

Nat rises, blocking the view of the box and The Bell.

Dell cranes his neck slightly but only notices Wick with interest.

DELL
Officer, I believe you had an assignment tonight?

NAT
Sir, yes. I picked up this youth and brought him in to council him on the particulars of a situation. Community engagement, a ride along of sorts.

DELL
Come with me, Nat. Illuminate me on the particulars of the situation.
(to Wick)
Sit tight, kid. The officer will give you a ride home shortly.

NAT
Sir.

Seargent Dell leaves the break room. Before following on his heels. Nat looks with concern upon The Bell. He looks to Wick and then back to The Bell. Wick smirks up at Nat.

Nat quickly snatches up the wand of the table and pockets it, then smirks right back at Wick.

WICK
Git, boy.

Nat shoots him a steely look and moves out of the break room in Dell's direction.

EXT. BELL REALM - LIGHT

Myrna continues to SCREAM as she throws volley after volley of rainbow light, focusing on a particular direction.

Her pained HOLLERING is filled with rage, her actions becoming apparent as futile.

Pixie dust hangs in the air as shafts of glistening light peer through, Cal cautiously approaches. Step by step he nears his friend.

He reaches out a hand and clasps her shoulder.

YEAHUGH!

Myrna throws a final explosive ball of rainbow lights and thrusts her face towards Cal. She sweats profusely, PANTS and seethes behind gritted teeth.

Myrna connects eyes pleadingly with Cal, but upon realizing the vulnerability she displays she changes her composure. Her brows crease with anger and she bites the air as a rainbows fly from her eyes towards Cal.

ZZZZTTT - Cal's head turns into a cupcake.

Cal YELPS a mouthless SCREAM that sounds like the scream of someone with a mouthful of cake.

Myrna again ZAPS Cal with a rainbow from her eyes and -

POOT! He becomes a huge penguin. Though a penguin he also wears a tuxedo and tries to pivot and waddle away from her.

ZZZT! She zaps him again, his body returns but now he has the head of a pony with colorful rainbow hair.

REOWRRRR! Cal whinnies. He tries to run away.

Myrna stumbles and gives a halfhearted chase after him. She yanks on Cal's flannel and pulls him towards her. Tears begin to well in her eyes, she spins the boy around and shakes him. Face to face, she continues to shake Cal, his pony eyes wet.

Myrna shoves Cal down to the ground, a bed of dandelions crop up to cushion his fall.

POP - the pony head disappears and he becomes his normal self.

Myrna looks down upon Cal... shame visible on her face.

MYRNA
I'm sorry, Cal.

CAL
It's. It's okay.

MYRNA
I wanna go home.

CAL
Me too.

MYRNA
We have to kill the cat.

CAL
I'm not sure about that.

Myrna tries to convince him with her eyes.

CAL (CONT'D)
I don't want to be in love with you.

Myrna opens her mouth, expecting to think up a reply.

GYRDA (O.S.)
(in German)
Hello. It's me. Don't hurt me.

Myrna flinches and turns towards the misty haze outside her and Cal's circle.

Gyrda's form appears as she approaches from the fog.

Myrna puts a hand out as if to attack. Gyrda puts her hands up in deference and comes cautiously.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
(in German)
Listen to me. The stupid American can't be bothered to learn German.

Myrna hesitates, holds her hands up to indicate for Gyrda to hold back.

MYRNA
What do I do, Cal?

CAL
I don't know. I was sorta just hopin' you'd kill her. But don't ask me, I don't wanna be an accomplice!

GYRDA
Stupid American! Have some spine, kill me!

Myrna WHISTLES.

MYRNA
C'mon boy! Maybe our Unicorn can come back...take care of it for us.

CAL
Maybe if you had named her.

Gyrda struggles, spitting GERMAN WORDS at them.

CAL (CONT'D)
Maybe you can do something. So we understand her!

MYRNA
Fine!

Myrna makes a trying sound, GNEAUGH, as she stares apprehensively at her hands. They light up with a glistening power charge.

Gyrda sees the hands and delights.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
Okay hands. Universal translator mode. Please don't kill her.

Myrna hesitantly shoots her hands -

PLOOP PEW

Two bulbous light ball shots fire from Myrna and smack Gyrda right in the face. Gyrda stumbles back a bit but stays on her feet.

GYRDA
(in English)
Yes! Kill me! Sweet death! It tickles. Hit me again - do it!

Cal and Myrna look to each other with surprise - *it worked*.

Disappointment flashes on Gyrda's face.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
I'm still alive. Hit me again. C'mon, hit me!

A worried look comes over the German child.

MYRNA
Kid. Can't we all just get along?

GYRDA
No...
(surprised)
You speak German?!

MYRNA
No.

CAL
Nope.

GYRDA
Shit!

MYRNA
Scheisse.

Gyrda puts her hand to her mouth in disgust that the English language has come out of her. The three stand in a triangle formation... *what now*?

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Seargent Dell stands in close quarters with Officer Nat.

DELL
I know you fancy yourself the Jesse Jackson of the LAPD but the only racial injustice goin on around here is that you haven't been shit canned because of the color of your skin.

Nat strains to hold eye contact and keep composed.

DELL (CONT'D)
Were you white, and pullin in these piss poor numbers and missing quotas, you'd be civilian real quick. Your blackness and the worlds conviction that LAPD might as well stand for KKK is the reason you still got a badge.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - SAME

Wick looks at the door and then looks at The Bell on the table. He reaches over and picks up a pen. He looks from the pen to The Bell - pen to The Bell.

PING

He taps the Bell lightly... nothing happens.

PING PING PING

Three taps and nothing happens - he sighs.

TWEEDLE EEDLE EEE - TWEEDLE EEDLE EEE

Wick retrieves his ringing and vibrating pager from his waist:

He silences and reads the pager : “423”

A flash of worry on his face. He looks to The Bell as an idea strikes him.

INT. BELL REALM - LIGHT

Still facing off - Myrna, Gyrda and Cal are reckoning with each other.

GYRDA
You have to kill me.

MYRNA
C’mon... you’re just a kid.

Gyrda P’SHAWS.

GYRDA
I don’t even know how long I have been in here. Nothing changes, I do not age. No night or day. It’s a world that has bent to my will, with no opposition... until now.

MYRNA
Then let’s figure out an escape.

GYRDA
You don’t think I have tried?! I barely remember enough of my father, my mother, and my homeland. I remember enough just to believe it was real. Just enough details remain so that I can believe the words of my men, for whom had so many years there.

CAL
Fifty years.

Myrna shoots Cal a look, Gyrda appears inquisitive.

CAL (CONT’D)
Looking at your clothes, the swastikas? You’re Nazi’s.
(MORE)

CAL (CONT'D)
You must've been in here like fifty years, that's about how long ago the war ended.

Myrna appears to hesitate at the sharing of info.

GYRDA
Fifty years? Bodo had told me he is thirty-five. Fifty years...that long?!

CAL
Did you know that old Nazi guy?

MYRNA
Cal.

CAL
The one who gave us The Bell?

MYRNA
Cal!

Gyrda excites at the word "Bell".

GYRDA
My father!

Cal and Myrna are shocked.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
Oh God, no. Don't tell me you fucking Americans won!?

Gyrda turns away from the two in shock.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
No wonder my father never rescued me.

MYRNA
(to Cal)
Jackie put her in here.

CAL
You think that's why he was so creepy and wanted you?

MYRNA
I think he needed my help... to save her or something.

Myrna snaps her fingers with realization as Gyrda MUMBLES to herself on the sideline.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
He knew I could get her out if I came in and worked with her.

Cal looks towards Gyrda's back as the young German has worked herself into a manic RAMBLING frenzy, pulling on her hair.

CAL
(unsure)
Work with the Hitler youth?
...okaaaaay.

MYRNA
(assuring)
She's just a little kid. We all deserve a second chance, right?

A moment passes between Cal and Myrna as they make eye contact in reconciliation.

In hysterics, Gyrda twirls around, hands out like claws and squares off towards Cal and Myrna.

GYRDA
That traitor pussycat I had for a father! He hid The Bell and used it against his own men and darling daughter!

Gryda charges up towards the two and gets up in Myrna's face!

GYRDA (CONT'D)
And because of this cowardly act he turned the Reich's greatest weapon against itself and you fucking Americans defeated Hitler! I will KILL YOU!

Gyrda pounces, throwing her hands around Myrna's throat.

Myrna's eyes go wide - Cal jumps back in fear and surprise.

GLACK GURGGLE - Myrna chokes and struggles as Gyrda holds nothing back and shows surprised strength for her size.

Cal tries to jump in and intercede.

CAL
No! Don't hurt her!

Gyrda bears her teeth, SNARLS at Cal and he backs off.

CAL (CONT'D)
Stop her, Myrna!

The young girls hand clenches down on Myrna's throat, reddening it. Myrna's hands flail in the air.

Tears well in Myrna's eyes, fluorescent and glowing fluid appears at the edges of her wet eyes. The fingertips of her outstretched hands begin to glow, building luminance and vibrating with intensity.

As Myrna's face swells and purples, Cal breaks down, CRYING OUT for his friend.

Gyrda's delighted scowls with mad, intense glee.

Too close for direct attack, Myrna shoots a thick and giant rainbow from her hands that pierces the sky and illuminates the surroundings in brilliant, cascading colors - SCHWOOOMP.

Gyrda screws her eyes, *confident she will finish this.*

Myrna suffers, but her tearful eyes focus high in the air on the rainbow she created. The jagged endpoint of the rainbow becomes visible high up in the sky. As she focuses, its head begins to U-Turn and point back towards the ground. Myrna strains, the point of the rainbow becomes sharp, vibrates and-

SCHPLEW - It flies back towards the ground and -

FLOOMP - The rainbow hook Gyrda right in the back like a fish.

YEAUGH Gyrda YELPS and is elevated fifteen feet in the air above Cal and Myrna. The young German dangles there like an ornament in a bright Christmas tree.

Myrna CHOKES and COUGHS swallowing for air and recuperating. Cal runs up and hugs her as she hits the ground on her knees and recovers.

A few moments of composing herself then Myrna rises and walks circles around Gyrda, staring up at her with rage.

Myrna puts her palm out and generates a marble like orb of swirling light in it.

She chucks it at the child a knocks her in the head with a PING. Gyrda twirls in a few circles from her mooring like a tetherball.

MYRNA
Stupid, fascist!

Gyrda twirls slowly around in upside down suspension. Her eyes wide-open, she keeps Myrna in her sights with wild bewilderment. The teens glare at each other.

Gyrda slowly opens her mouth to SCREAM! It is loud, cuts through The Bell zone, ECHOES back towards them.

Myrna and Cal share a quick, worried glance.

Gyrda SUCKS air in and again lets out in two successive SCREAMS.

Reacting, Myrna rears back and hurls a projectile towards the kid.

FLOOMP Gyrda's mouth is covered and she is silenced... by a puffy sticker of a doe eyed puppy dog. This surprises Gyrda, and Myrna too.

EXT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dell follows Nat back towards the breakroom.

DELL
You're pulling grave shifts the rest of this week for this. Now get that kid home.

The two stop right in front of the breakroom, Nat turns towards his superior.

NAT
Yes, Sir. Anything else?

We can see a strange pulsating light subtly dimming and rising through the frosted window of the breakroom door.

DELL
I'm on your ass cause I know you got a cop in there. Keep thinking you're a social worker and you'll end up as one.

Dell raises his eyebrows as if that's something profound to chew on.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - SAME

Wick's pager is set atop the Bell. As it rings and vibrates pulsations of waves and lights emanate from it... a growing force. BZZ BZZZ BZZZ - WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP

Wick leans against the wall - holds a telephone receiver, amazed at the sight of The Bell.

The door OPENS. Nat enters but immediately halts in the door frame, seeing that The Bell is activated.

NAT
Whoa!

Wick looks from The Bell to Nat with worry. They have a showdown with their eyes. Nat's hand unbuckles the holster to his gun - his hand hovers above it.

WICK
I gotta get outta here, man. I ain't gettin' locked up.

Dell rushes in, sidling up to Nat - his presence troubles Wick.

Dell doesn't hesitate, has his gun out and trains it on Wick.

DELL
Turn off the toy right now and get your hands in the air!

Nat looks over - "oh shit"..

Wick takes a step forward putting himself within the gyrating air of The Bell force field.

He stretches a hand out and -SCHLOOMP -

Dell's gun flies from out of his hand and into Wick's. The thugs eyes delight at discovering the power.

He moves his attention off the gun in his hand, points - BLACHEW!

He shoots Dell who yelps and crumples to the ground.

As Nat pulls out his weapon to fire back, Wick trains his eyes right on him.

WICK
Don't even think it, brotha!

Wick jerks his body forward with a threatening motion causing The Bell field to send a force wave out towards the officer, knocking Nat backwards and out of the room.

WICK (CONT'D)
That honkey ain't worth it, muthfucka. He was fin to kill me.

The force around the Bell starts to weaken, with the gun still pointed at Nat, Wick dials his pager from the phone.

The BZZ BZZ BZZZ vibration starts again and re-ignites the force around The Bell.

Wick looks at the swirling colors and visuals in the air. He catches a few glimpses of vague imagery:

INSERT

Roy and Tyrone walking with determination through the Bell realm, side by side. The image pulls back to reveal the mosaic multicolored landscape they traverse - behind them the remaining living Nazi's stealthily pursue the two teenagers.

BACK TO SCENE

Wick screws his eyes, seeing the goings on in the realm.

He crosses around the table towards the door and steps over the dead (?) body of Dell. He thrusts his gun towards Nat.

WICK (CONT'D)
My boy's in there. Gimme that stick.

Nat puts a defensive hand up.

NAT
Hey! Let's do this smart. First he needs medical attention.

Nat nods to Dell.

WICK
He's a dead pig and you fin to be too if you don't gimme that shit.

Wick is excited - on edge. Nat tries to lower his voice, calm his demeanor and de-escalate things.

NAT
Hey. We don't know what we're messing with here. Let's be smart. We can fix all of this together.

The two study each others eyes with uncertainty.

INT. BELL REALM -LIGHT

Cal and Myrna pace around Gyrda as she dangles.

CAL
(whispering)
Maybe just do it? Kill her?

Myrna glares at Cal.

CAL (CONT'D)
I mean... she tried to kill you? We need less to worry about right now.

MYRNA
I have to think.

Myrna juts a hand up to the sky - shoots a blast of light -

SHLOMP

- her guitar flies into her hands.

CHCK CHK CHK CHK WAH WHOP

She starts aggressively strumming chords.

AT TYRONE AND ROY

Nearby, Tyrone and Roy trod along the open plane of luminescent colored path.

The not too far off sound of GUITAR can be heard.

TYRONE
Hear that?

Roy just HUMPHS.

TYRONE (CONT'D)
We <u>were</u> headed the right direction.

ROY
Every way I've ever gone turns out to be the wrong direction. No matter what I try.

TYRONE
Sometimes there is no right way, right choice or whatever.... When I don't know which way to go though, I just follow friends. At least you can be on the wrong path with somebody cool.

ROY
You don't know my friends, man. I feel like I don't have the choice to follow. I'm straight up bein' led.

TYRONE
Okay. Well you can just hang with us then, k?

They trod along a moment, Roy kicks a crystal up ahead a few paces in frustration.

ROY
Maybe. Sure...I ain't playin' guitar though.

A FEW HUNDRED FEET BEHIND THEM

The pack of Nazi's is in pursuit, CLOMPING along in unison.

IN THE SKY ABOVE

Jasmine soars. Her head looms large in the frame, perspective untrustworthy in the purple hued sky with cotton candy like pink clouds.

She looks down upon the Nazi's approaching upon Tyrone and Roy. A playful smile encroaches on her face.

Jasmine dips to her left and cuts through the clouds, flying effortlessly. As the cloud cover clears she slows her rapid speed and glides to a stop. Light washes over the cat, she is inside the rainbow of Myrna's creation. She peers down upon Myrna and Cal.

Myrna GRINDS away at the guitar, as Cal YELLS at her, trying to break her out of her self imposed hypnotic state, induced through the music.

Jasmine loses her grin, her eyes become serious.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jackie emerges from the shadows and stands at a tree lined meridian at the perimeter of the police station parking lot. He clutches the fridge handle he is still cuffed to - holding it like a weapon.

He spots a window and see's the flickering, waning and growing pulsations of light appearing from within the room.

His eyes show recognition - *he knows the Bell is active*.

INT. BELL REALM - LIGHT

Myrna looks angrily hypnotized, allowing herself to zone out as she chugs away at the GUITAR.

Her rhythm is stable, sparse and atmospheric. A translucent, bubble like orb field grows around her and Cal.

Outside the field, space bends and thrusts outwards towards the sky. Gyrda's eyes worry as she twirls and dangles by the force wind created by the GUITAR playing.

IN THE SKY

Jasmine's fur and whiskers are tickled and blown by the wind. The cat observes the light of the rainbow shaft swaying with the force Myrna is creating. The rainbow sheds glittery sparkles and ripples like a kite on the wind.

ON THE GROUND

Cal looks down at his shoes. His laces vibrate, the colorful mosaic paved landscape shakes and ripples, the ground moves.

CAL
You have to stop playing! Something is going wrong!

Myrna CHUG CHUG CHUGS on her chord and slows her tempo down until it stops. As her playing stops she slowly turns her head towards Cal and eyes become somewhat alive and present again. She locks eyes grimly with him.

MYRNA
Outside. The thingy sounded like...

While think she makes a WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP type sound with her mouth.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
Hmmm. Something like this...

She plays a series of notes high on the fret of the top E string of the guitar to try and approximate the song. As she plays it more it sounds as though REVERB and low end is added to the mix, sounding closer to The Bell noise.

Cal's eyes become curious. As she is playing the winds die down and the orb around her and Cal fades.

Cal SIGHS relief at the calm.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
But that's not what I was doing just now.

A trickster grin grows on Myrna's face, Cal reacts - *uh oh*.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
Every pole has its polar!

Myrna jams on a scale and moves up the fretboard... she finds the chord that creates a perfectly dissonant oppositional sound -

BLARGH - It sounds nasty. Myrna beams...she likes it.

BLAM BLARCH BLAM - she starts jamming on this note. FORCEFUL WINDS flare up again, but light and the visual spectrum of the space they are in distorts.

Like a fun house mirror, visual lines point from high in the sky and flex down towards Myrna's guitar.

Off several yards, Roy and Tyrone arrive over a crest. They surpise at the sight of their friends

TYRONE
C'mon!

Cal and Tyrone run towards their friends.

Myrna see's them.

MYRNA
Tyrone! Roy! C'mon guys back me up.

She clenches her face and a whole complement of music instruments appears.

IN THE SKY

Jasmine notices the distortions of space and sees matter being sucked up into the growing force that surrounds Myrna and her guitar.

JASMINE
No! She's gonna break all my stuff!

Jasmine puts her fist out in a Superman like flying gesture and pitches down towards the crew. She has to fight against a strong counter current and is slow to gain distance.

ON THE GROUND

The Nazi's rise above the outlying edge and begin to push forward toward the teenagers.

MYRNA
See them.
(re: Nazi's)
You with me?

CAL
Fine!

Myrna's crew is in now band mode - Cal on drums, Tyrone on keys. They are playing on their own this time, coming up with a groove that counters Myrna's CHUGGING chords. Tyrone looks to Roy.

TYRONE
You in? We won't hurt you.

Roy now has a bass around him.

ROY
Fine. I suck, man, but I'll try.

He fumbles around, creating crummy NOTES... he still doesn't know how to play.

Myrna LAUGHS towards Roy with some satisfaction.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Wick has his gun trained on Nat. The wand in his other hand. He stands near the Bell, positioned to strike it.

NAT
Stop this now... there is still time.

Wick SMACKS the Bell - WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP. Ripples and reverberation of air push off of it.

NAT (CONT'D)
(more emphatic)
You don't want to be a killer... a cop killer.

WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP - Wick smacks the Bell again and again and again. A very faint sound of MYRNA'S SONG also wafts through.

WICK
I am a killer.

NAT
These white people are going to eat you alive, you stupid dumb punk! Where do you think this will get you, huh?

WICK
They ain’t gonna catch me, trick!

BAM - Wick wallops the Bell harder and again and then again!

The waves of light and aid coming off off it expand. A stable field starts form around it. MUSIC comes through louder and more clear.

A visual connection is established.

HALLWAY

The other present officers have arrived - Peter and a few other BLUE UNIFORMS cautiously approach. Nat catches them slinking up with guns drawn.

The wake of the magic waves makes it out even to this point, with wisps of air carrying some glimmering light into the hallway.

He quickly flashes them a look with his eyes - “back”.

Peter gets the cue and indicates to the other officers as they back up.

INT. POLICE STATION ENTRYWAY - SAME

Jackie enters the police station. The lobby is locked off the main station but glassed windows offer some view of the interior.

Behind the glass stands, YOUNG DESK ATTENDANT, who peers around the corner looking towards the commotion. OTHERWORLDLY SWOOSHING SOUNDS are audible at a low level and everything seems charged in the atmosphere, rattling slightly.

Jackie see’s a bell out, the kind to be rung to get an attendants attention.

He looks down upon it and puts his finger out before it, and swirls his finger in the air around it in a teasing manner. He cracks a smile and looks up towards the back of the occupied Attendant.

JACKIE
Excuse me.

The Attendant barely turns around.

DESK ATTENDANT
Yeah. Just a second.

JACKIE
I'm going to need help.

DESK ATTENDANT
(not looking)
Just a minute. Please wait, Sir.

Jackie gets a conspiratorial look. The power of the Bell is expanding. Waves of light ripple to this point in the lobby.

Jackie traces his finger around the desk bell, creating a low level hum. Waves of light and glittery air are attracted to his hand over the bell. The glass surrounding the partition between him and the station vibrates. Hairs stand up on Jackie's arm, the strands of hair on his head begin to stand up. His eyes go wild. He leans forward, planting his gaze on the glass - *full of Bell power*.

SHATTER- <u>The glass falls straight down out of the frame.</u>

Atendant turns around in shock - Jackie reaches over through the broken glass to unlock a door.

DESK ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Hey!

Bell power continues to swirl around Jackie's hand.

Desk Attendant reaches to un-holster their gun.

Jackie raises a hand up. He steels himself and meditates in the moment.

Desk Attendant lunges forward but SHLOOMP.

Jackie's hand rises up. As he extends his arm up a vision forms within his hand . <u>The fridge handle morphs to appear as his Luger</u>.

Desk Attendant's eyes catch sight of the hand and gun.

Desk Attendant cowers back and raises their hands in the air, having not un-holster their weapon. Jackie waves the gun at them - *back, down*. Jackie continues onward towards the hall... towards Nat and Wick and The Bell.

OFFICE AREA

Having retreated to a hiding spot behind desks, Peter and the other Blue Shirts take a recon position.

PETER
(into radio)
All units. Shots fired, North Hollywood Bureau. Officer down.

Quickly the radio starts cackling back at at him - WHAT?! - PETER, THIS FOR REAL?! Without responding Peter takes up the radio, clicks it off and throws it down.

PETER (CONT'D)
Shit!

Jackie shuffles past the cowering officer and down the hall. Peter does a double take and shocks at the sight.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hey!...Hey, you! Stop, old man!

Peter rises up to follow Jackie, approaching from behind in the hallway. Powerful gusts of propelled, air and shimming light push down through the hall from the break room.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hands on your head, stop right there!

Peter has a gun up and pointed towards Jackie's back. Jackie slowly turns around.

Jackie's face - maniacal and twisted. Jackie's eyes - enlivened with fiery light. His jaw twists his mouth open with a crazed, possessed expression.

PETER (CONT'D)
(thrusting gun)
Down! Now!

SMACK - Jackie clobbers Peter with the refrigerator handle.

INT. BELL REALM - SAME

Gyrda struggles in her dangling position as the DRONING SONG continues. Gyrda see's her Nazi Officers approaching her position.

GYRDA
Here! Get them!

The Nazi's look to each other, and spot their leader. They begin to charge, daggers in hand and fists out.

Cal notices them approaching, throws a drumstick at Myrna - BOP! It smacks her in the head. She turns around angered, but Cal- keeping the beat with one stick - nods his head towards the ensuing herd. A new drumstick also then magically appears in his hand.

Myrna pivots her body, snarls, and guns her attention right at the charging Nazi's.

BLAMP BLARGH BLAMP BLAMP -- Her guitar screams.

Waves of electrified light flare up towards the Nazi's - they part and dig in to hold ground against the current.

SWOOSH

Jasmine flies in and comes to a landing in between the Nazi's and Myrna. Her paws outstretch and she does some "abra cadabra" motions through the air. This collects the waves of light air and energy, beginning to create a bubble around her to absorb Myrna's power.

Myrna shocks.

Gyrda, from her dangling perch, expresses peaked interest.

Myrna doubles down on her chords CHURG CHURG CHURG - her band is sounding good and hammering away.

JASMINE
(yelling)
Stop, kid. You don't know what you're doing. You'll destroy this whole place.

Myrna momentarily considers this. She looks at Cal, at Tyrone, at Roy. They are looking to her, slightly scared, but determined and following her lead.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
We'll be ripped to nothingness.

Myrna looks up at Gyrda, the Nazi kid has expectant eyes. Scared, maybe.

CHURG CHA CHICK CHURG answers Myrna with her guitar.

MYRNA
Good! Better gone forever than sharing a make believe hellscape of rainbows and glitter with a talking cat and the Shirley Temple of the Third Reich!

She looks back to her band.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
C'mon!

Myrna SLAMS her guitar, moving into a bridge in her song. The band finds a GROOVE RHYTHM while she goes into a SOLO.

The bubble around Jasmine begins to deflate and look sweaty, like an old balloon. The force emitted by the bands energy is too strong for encroaching Nazi's, they lean in with their fists outstretched.

Gyrda looks worried.

JASMINE
Kid, you're gonna spoil the party games before you even learn the rules.

MYRNA
Forget your games, pussy I gotta get my Mom a pack of smokes!

Myrna screams - YEEAAAHHHH! SLAMS her guitar.

A huge force of power flies away from Myrna and her crew.

Gyrda is blown back into the air off her perch and launched out of sight - Her Nazi's tumble back doing somersaults and skidding across the terrain. Only Jasmine holds her ground, hair blown tight back - appearing far skinnier, like a cat after a bath. Her expression is perplexing - *Curious? Frightened? Impressed?*

There terrain is shaking, cracking, ripping at the seams. Shafts of neon light cut across the landscape, glitter filled florescent haze chokes the air.

Joining the CACOPHANY of ROCK MUSIC is the BELL TONE, gradually INCREASING IN PITCH. It harmonizes with MUSIC.

A glowing seam in the fantasy sky rips. Hot pink lava drips and pours from the sky raining down.

A Nazi here and there are pelted. YEARGH - they scream as it burns their skin.

JASMINE
(blazing eyes)
I warned you! Look what you're doing!?

A chubby raindrop hits Cal's cymbal and dissolves right through it. He frightens and YELPS.

CAL
Myrna?!

She turns around and sees the smouldering cymbal, dripping with hot pink ooze.

Jasmine charges towards Myrna and leaps to tackle her right as a huge glob of ooze (larger than the two of them) nearly takes out Myrna. She notices that the cat saved her, Jasmine sits on her chest as they lie on the ground. Myrna looks into the cats large eyes and doubts her actions.

JASMINE
This'll all fall down upon us.

Myrna doesn't know what to do, as her MUSIC is puttering out the Bell chime continue's.

Roy and Tyrone look at each other, they alone are holding the music together. The gash in the sky continues to grow - Myrna looks up to see ...

<u>Wick's giant head! He peers through the slit and looks like a giant God in the sky.</u>

Roy looks up with worry at Wick who upon the crew dead on.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - SAME

Wick is delighted by what he see's. Still pointing the gun at Nat, he looks into the haze and visions swirling around The Bell on the table.

NAT
Get away from it! Drop your weapon
and come towards me!

Wick is too mesmerized. Nat see's an opportunity to strike back at the kid, he bucks forward, preparing to leap.

Unnoticed by the officer, we can see in the background Jackie stands motionless absorbing the energy emanating into the hallway from the Bell. An egg like aura shores up around him.

EXT. POLICE STATION - SAME

A dozen or so POLICE OFFICERS huddle outside the doors of the station with guns drawn. A few look through the doors of the building.

Two more SQUAD CARS pull up at the front of the station, OFFICERS hop out to join.

INT. POLICE STATION HALL - SAME

Nat is about to leap into the break-room towards Wick, but his attention is drawn behind him where the eggshell force-field cracks. Jackie flexes his way out of it, his eyes zap with electrical power and energy emanates off of him. The old man walks purposefully towards The Bell, Nat reaches up.

NAT
Stop.

The old Nazi's boot steps right upon the officers arm as he heads into the room. Nat YELPS!

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wick is under the spell of The Bell, looking down upon Myrna's group as they recoup.

The BELL sound and MUSIC still ring in the air. The Bell itself is visibly fissuring and shows signs of duress.

INT. BELL REALM - SAME

Myrna rises and gives a sign to Cal to keep drumming.

MYRNA
You won't trap me here, cat. I'm done with all this shit.

She throws her guitar strap back over her shoulder.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
Done with the glitter and rainbows. Look at this place, and yourself... I don't care what dimension you come from or what coat of paint you slap up. You've been harboring Nazi's, bitch!

BLADOW - She slams the guitar and strikes a chord.

Jasmine is thrown back and stunned.

Several yards off, the cat gets up to her feet.

With a grimace, Myrna closes her eyes and thinks. She opens them and uses her power to will a bucket into being above the cat. With a head nod the bucket pours down its contents upon Jasmine's head.

REAOWR - The cat loses all composure and lashes its claws out towards the girl and scowls. Soaked, Jasmine bears her teeth and looks up at the tear in the realm.

Much bigger now, Wick looms above them and the details of the police station are clearer. Color has faded from the sky and the saturation and details of The Bell realm diminish.

Jasmine deduces something and decides. <u>She reaches to the air and unzips and invisible zipper.</u>

It reveals another world beyond the Bell realm, which looks like a black nothingness.

JASMINE
You. With your small minded moralism and judgments. You're not ready for the great potential you've witnessed. Congratulations. You've destroyed your wildest dreams and potential.

A pause between them as they look into each others eyes - *Myrna looks unsure and slightly touched by regret.*

BLAM

Myrna bangs out a chord on the guitar - she sticks her tongue out and raspberries the cat.

Jasmine jumps through the portal to another dimension and closes the zipper up behind her.

The realm shakes as if in the midst of an earthquake.

The NOISE of music blending with The Bell rattle rises.

<u>Nazi's begin to be pulled up off the ground and into the air towards the opening.</u>

Myrna, Cal, Tyone and Roy have their clothes and hair pulled up. A tremendous force yanks on them.

Roy looks up fearfully to see's Wick's demented smile.

ROY
No! I wanna stay here!

Cal and Tyrone look compassionately at Roy.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM -SAME

Jackie seemingly lunges towards Wick, which shocks the kid out of his Bell trance. Wick bucks back to shield himself from a potential blow. Instead-

Jackie brings his hands down upon The Bell.

DONG WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP DONG

It is the final blow that sends the parallel ecosystem into collapse. The Bell cracks and explodes in a vivid light, losing its physical shape and form.

Jackie bathes in the light of it - Wick falls down.

The faces of Nazi's, Gyrda and Myrna's crew swirl in the light, warp and expand, an undulating funhouse mirror.

Wick's eyes tear from the intensity of the light, he grows sad and fearful.

Across the room, Nat notices. He slinks towards the kid.

JACKIE
Gyrda? Gyrda! Es tut mir Leid.

THWACK! Nat fists Wick's head. The kid passes out and Nat reaches over to take the gun.

EXT. POLICE STATION - SAME

Dozens of OFFICERS swarm through the doors.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - SAME

NAZI'S begin to fly out of The Bell realm fissure. <u>They pinwheel through the air.</u>

Their landings terminate by CRASHING into the wall or each other. TEN NAZI and SS OFFICERS enter this way, one collides with Jackie. A dogpile of humans collects on the ground.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY -SAME

Officers swarm down the hallway. Peter joins them, and tries to maintain a leadership posture.

PETER
What took ya so long?! C'mon. This way!

Officers draw their guns as they hustle down the hall towards the break room.

IN BREAK ROOM

Nat is in shock as he see's Nazi's rise to their feet and dust themselves off.

Jackie stands within the MAELSTROM of The Bell as it evacuates energy.

JACKIE
(into the Bell realm)
Eile!

Cops begin to pour into the room. Their is a look of shock between the Nazi's and the Police Officers of the 1992 LAPD as they first lay eyes on each other but after flashes of horror and recognition between them, battle skirmishes begin.

The Cops are drawing guns, YELLING -- "FREEZE... GET DOWN ON THE GROUND... NOBODY MOVE!"

Jackie pivots around from the Bell - hair feral, face twisted and demonic.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Fuck you, Sheiss-Ami!

He thrusts his arms out - energy flies from his hands.

BRRZZPT - The guns all EXPLODE in the hands of the cops.

Jackie's attention turns to Nat.

ZZTTTT - He blasts the cop with a burst of energy that slams him against a wall and knocks him out.

INT. BELL REALM - SAME

Myrna, Cal, Roy and Tyrone cling hard to their instruments which have taken root. Thei limbs are pulled up towards the sky. A tremendous VACUUM attempts to pull them from the realm. They SCREAM towards each other to be heard.

MYRNA
Let go you guys! We're getting outta here.

CAL
It could kill us!

TYRONE
Look at the kid, we can't leave him.

Roy is clinging hard to his bass, the neck of which is driven hard into the ground. He looks shell shocked.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - SAME

A fist fight between cops and Nazi's. Old fashioned and fairly evenly matched.

Thick knuckles connect to faces.

ONE OFFICER pulls out a taser. Jackie see's this and shoots energy from his eyes to ZAP it out of her hand.

A SHORT OFFICER has their Taser out and BZZZRRRPPP - gets a Nazi right in the ribs. The Nazi shakes wildly and falls to their knees. Another OFFICER knees him right in the head.

A MOUSTACHED NAZI pulls out a dagger and lunges towards and AGILE COP that jumps and dodges the blade. The Nazi instead lunges to his right and stabs a DIFFERENT COP in the back.

Wick comes to on the ground and is surprised by the melee. He looks at Jackie who is enjoying the scene.

The Agile Cop retaliates and PUNCHES Moustache Nazi in the teeth. Moustache Nazi falls back and gets POUNCED ON by THREE COPS throwing PUNCHES and KICKS.

Jackie doesn't like this - shoots electricity bolts from his hands that knock the cops back.

The foreboding frame of Bodo Ewers turns around from punching a COP in the face to see Jackie.

Bodo and Jackie look through the battle and straight into each others eyes.

Bodo crosses the room - A KICK to a cop here. A PUNCH to another OFFICER there - until he arrives right up in the face of Jackie.

Jackie sparkles and TINGLES with the energy he has absorbed.

BODO
Johann?! Kameradschafts!

JACKIE
Hello again my old friend. You look strong and well.

BODO
You look old and feeble. Quisling! You traitor.

JACKIE
Yes. I am guilty of treachery. I have been a weak man.

Wick looks up and watches the interaction.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I had meant to return, to get you out. Never had the will to get around to it, always a better day and circumstances ahead.

BODO
Not even to save your daughter?! Your crazy daughter who made play things of us! Your comrades!

JACKIE
Yes. I grew old. And soft. And sorry.

Bodo SPITS. The phlegm hits Wick - Wick seethes.

BODO
Old man, where are our people? The Frontgemeinschaft?

JACKIE
We lost. You can't beat this world.

BODO
Jedem das Seine!

Bodo thrusts a large dagger towards Jackie's head.

The blade stops an inch short of Jackie's face.

The force field Jackie exerts stops it. Energy CRACKLES. Bodo clenches his teeth trying to break through to stab Jackie's face.

WICK
(to himself)
Gawdamn. These Nazi's got me rooting for pigs.

Wick hops up and POP POP POP - slugs Bodo in the kidney.

Bodo drops the blade and stumbles back with a YEARGH!

Bodo pivots around and squares off against Wick.

WICK (CONT'D)
C'mon you cracker ass, racist muthafucka!

The Nazi and the Gangster start throwing punches at each other.

INT. BELL REALM - SAME

The sky is a window into the police station.

Myrna see's the battle - cops and Nazi's fist fighting.

Cal, Tyrone, Roy and Myrna still cling to their rooted instruments.

MYRNA
C'mon. They all got out. Just let go and we're free.

Cal and Tyrone look to each other.

CAL
Alright.

MYRNA
On the count of three... One -

TYRONE
- Wait... What about Roy?

They look over and back at the kid.

He shakes his head..."*no*".

CAL
C'mon. You can do this.

ROY
No! I'm not goin' back up there. Ain't nothin' or nobody there who cares about me.

TYRONE
It's not true. We'll be up there and we're --

BLAST - Myrna ZAPS the bass out of the ground and sends Roy flying up through the sky and out of the portal.

TYRONE (CONT'D)
-- your friends.

MYRNA
Well. Let's get up there...One...Two...

Cal and Tyrone ready themselves.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
Three!

Cal and Tyrone let go with a WHOOOAAAAA and disappear.

Coming into view behind where they were is Gyrda. She clings to the ground with hands outstretched like claws. She looks to Myrna with a possessed glare.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - SAME

Wick and Bodo have their arms locked in battle. The older Nazi is more powerful, Wick's arms buckle and bend as Bodo subdues him.

This troubles Jackie - electric zaps fly off the old man and stun Bodo and momentarily weaken him.

Bodo turns fearfully to face Jackie. An evil look in Jackie's eyes transmit his violent intention.

Jackie concentrates, energy builds up in him, he CRACKLES and glows. His eyes burn red as he glares straight at Bodo.

BODO
Heil, Gyrda.

One final burst of energy charging and BRZP BRZP. Jackie fires on Bodo.

The Nazi SCREAMS - Wick falls back.

SCHLOOMP - Tyrone, Roy and Cal fly out from The Bell realm. They fly into Bodo and Wick - colliding and creating a dogpile.

Jackie EXHALES and bends over with exhaustion.

Steam rises off of the unmoving dogpile.

The Bell is unrecognizable and formless - a small portal of light. A slit in reality hovering above the desk with black goo dripping off it. It falters and flutters, seems ready to blink out= of existence.

The BATTLE between cops and Nazi's continues in the background, but appears that the cops are winning. Jackie slowly surveys the room to see handcuffed and knocked out Nazi's lying on the floor. The few that still put up a fight are outnumbered.

Jackie slowly looks into the small portal of The Bell that remains. He sees the faint image of Gyrda faced of with Myrna. He looks forlorn.

JACKIE
(sotto)
Heil, Gyrda.

ON WICK

The kid stirs from within the fire. He sees Bodo's knife ont he ground and snatches it up. As Cal, Tyrone and Roy also come to and roll away from the pile, the suffering body of Bodo comes into view.

SHANK - Wick stabs the Nazi right in the bag. Bodo crumples dead to the ground.

Wick and Roy stare into each others eyes.

Cal reacts to something.

CAL
No!

They all shock as they see <u>Jackie with a gun</u> pointed out towards the crew.

INT. BELL REALM - SAME

Gyrda claws the ground, crawling towards Myrna.

MYRNA
You have to leave this place.

GYRDA
I will be leaving. You will not be leaving.

Gyrda looks to Myrna. She notices the color and luminance is leaving the teenager. He horn is turning pale and cracking.

MYRNA
I don't want to hurt you.

Gyrda is getting closer.

The POWERFUL AIR around them SUCKS and tries to evacuate them from the portal.

GYRDA
You won't hurt me.

Myrna's horn is CRACKING and turning to dust, fragments fly off.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
My father killed my childhood.

Gyrda gets closer.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
You stole my powers.

Gyrda gets face to face with Myrna.

MYRNA
The world is nothing like you could imagine. It'll all be different. You can live well.

GYRDA
No father. No motherland.

MYRNA
It'll be cool. Trust me.

Gyrda see's the last of Myrna's horn CRACK off and fly away, disintegrating in the air.

Myrna feels this and touches her forehead - shocked.

GYRDA
(in German)
Great magicians are also great liars.

Myrna looks at Gyrda - *afraid.*

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - SAME

The teenage crew waits furtively as Jackie wields a gun.

Jackie moves the gun to his head.

JACKIE
My daughter can not see the weakness of her father.

Cal and the others notice as the remaining light of the Bell flickers, SPUTTERS and disappears. With the last flash of light Myrna and Gyrda appear standing side-by-side on the table. Jackie is oblivious with his back to the table.

Jackie is about to pull the trigger.

MYRNA
A weak ass, Nazi fuck father would have been better than no father you shithead.

Jackie tuns around in shock.

He GASPS - tears form as he locks eyes with Gyrda.

JACKIE
(German)
I'm sorry, my little darling. I told myself I was giving you a kingdom.

GYRDA
(German)
My motherland was nothing without my father.

Jackie silently cries.

Myrna jumps off the table.

Cops are delivering a beatdown to the last conscious Nazi's

Myrna reacts to the violence, addresses her crew.

MYRNA
Let's get out of here.

Roy looks around fearfully, catches Wick's eye on him.

Wick grabs his arm.

WICK
(to Roy)
You ran away, right into this bullshit.

ROY
Let go me.

Roy pulls his arm free.

Wick shoves his chest.

WICK
I ask you to soldier up, you pussy out on me, boy.

ROY
Back off me, Wick. We're done.

Cal, Tyrone and Myrna watch.

WICK
Done?!

Wick gets right up in Roy's face.

WICK (CONT'D)
What?!

Wick SLUGS Roy.

MYRNA
Hey!

Wick turns around.

WICK
What?

MYRNA
Don't fuck with my gang!

Myrna gives the sign then she jumps Wick along with Cal and Tyrone. The gangster is easily overcome.

A giant flash of flame interrupts them.

INTERCUT WITH NAT AND PETER

Nat comes to on the floor, shakes off.

He sees the battle of brawling cops and Nazi's. Four OFFICERS are punching and kicking a SUFFERING NAZI.

Nat sees Peter kicking the losing Nazi gleefully. He rises and charges at Peter, grabbing the officer by the shoulder.

NAT
The mans beaten. Stand down and read him his rights.

Peter shoots mad eyes at Nat.

PETER
Read the rights? To a fuckin' Nazi that came through a magic portal?!

Nat sees this is strange but nods - *“yeah”*.

PETER (CONT’D)
Fuck that.

Peter turns and kicks the Nazi.

NAT
Hey!

Nat again grabs Peter’s shoulder. Peter turns and PUNCHES Nat.

PETER
Fuck off, boy.

Nat takes pause... then stands tall. He looks right at the Nazi on the ground.

NAT
You have a right to remain silent, anything you say can and will be used...

Peter looks at Nat quizzically.

A giant flash of flame interrupts them.

INTERCUT WITH GYRDA AND JACKIE

Gyrda jumps off the table and approaches her tearful father.

GYRDA
(German)
I’ve gotten to know a lot of men over these years that were just like you.

As Jackie covers his face, she puts a hand to his arm.

GYRDA (CONT’D)
Crying for a past... I couldn’t cry because all I knew was from hiding under my mothers dress and a life of both fearing and longing for a far away father.

Jackie looks hopefully to Gyrda with his wet eyes.

GYRDA (CONT’D)
You left us all in that other place, told us you’d soon be back. The other men cried and hoped for your return...
(MORE)

GYRDA (CONT'D)
eventually cursing you. I knew that world. I quickly ruled that world. Now you take me from there too.

JACKIE
(German)
You don't know this place. We lost it all... completely. We are not the great master race. I am no proud German Aryan here. I am poor, and sad, and sorry.

GYRDA
I think you may have always been poor and sad and sorry.

Gyrda looks around the room. She looks at the faces of Myrna and her friends.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
This is a land I could master.

Gyrda takes the gun from Jackie. She looks at it in her hands in consideration.

She points the gun at her father.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
Would you like me to help this end for you, father?

Jackie looks around, looks at his hands. He sees a nearby electrical outlet.

JACKIE
Not while I have a little power left in me.

He pulls out the wand which glistens and sparkles, powered with faint remaining energy.

END INTERCUTS

BZZT - Jackie shoots the final gasp of energy at the electrical outlet. Sparks fly.

A fireball shoots from the outlet.

Bodo's corpse goes up in flames.

Cal, Tyrone and Myrna react and look over.

Jackie stands but is lit on fire. He turns to Gyrda and smiles.

Gyrda tearfully looks away from him. Myrna steps up and puts her arms around the young girl.

Cop begin to run from the room. The bodies of dead or dying Nazi's catch fire.

The room is quickly up in flames.

Myrna pulls Gyrda out of the room, Cal, Tyrone and Roy follow.

While leaving Roy looks down upon Wick. Wick gathers his strength and stumbles towards the door.

Nat is in the door frame, guiding people out.

NAT
C'mon!

Wick leaves - all the teens have made it out.

The room engulfed in flames, Nat sees the Nazi Peter had been beating burning on the ground. He is still semiconscious with eyes open and SCREAMS.

Nat moves to try to help him up. But the flames flare up.

Nat gives up and flees from the room.

Jackie collapses to the ground and burns to his death amongst the last men of the Third Reich.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAMANTHA'S ROOM - DAY

Samantha sleeps on top of her sheets, in her underwear. The door is open.

Myrna walks in. She is covered in soot and looks like hell.

She tosses a pack of EAGLE BRAND CIGARETTES onto the bed next to her Mom.

MYRNA
You aren't the best Mom. But you're better than nothing.

Samantha stirs awake and looks at the smokes.

SAMANTHA
Where the hell were you?

Samantha looks up and sees her daughter. She bolts up and runs to embrace her.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Oh my god! What happened?!

Myrna shocks at the concern.

MYRNA
Mom! It's okay, I just... went to a bonfire.

Samantha keeps hugging...Myrna hugs back.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Nat - looks serious.

The ECHOING, amplified voice of:

WILLIE L. WILLIAMS (O.C.)
This is an active investigation.

Reveal - Nat stands shoulder to shoulder with other OFFICERS, including Peter Holmstead, behind the Chief of police, **WILLIE L. WILLIAMS** - at a podium leading a press conference. The North Hollywood Station is behind him, <u>much of it is visibly burned.</u>

WILLIE L. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
At some point before the fire, a armed citizen, Jackie Jones, was able to enter the station and take hostages. Both officers and civilians. Shots were exchanged, and Seargent Dell was killed in an apparent act of heroisism. In the ensuing engagement which brought down the suspect, a small fire was started. We ask for your patience, as we work with our partners in Federal agency's to fully investigate the matter.

PETER cracks a smile.

INT. SEARGENT HOLMSTEAD'S OFFICE - DAY

This is Dell's former office - the right side wall is burned.

Peter sits looking satisfied. He adjusts some papers in front of him, smooths his new tie and looks across the desk to Nat.

PETER
Circumstances being what they are... I can't fire you. The federales are sweeping this right under the rug and I think it's safe to say tiptoeing on eggshells over this whole affair is the new status quo. I'm not pleased with the circumstances that afforded me my new position, Officer.

Nat looks serious.

PETER (CONT'D)
Short of putting you in a cell, I'm going to do the next best thing. You're being transferred. Pack up and report to the South Bureau.

Nat hides his surprised delight.

NAT
Yes, Sir.

PETER
No smart comment?

NAT
I respect your position, Sir.

PETER
You showed Dell how you respect this position... Can I trust you to keep your dumb ass mouth shut?

NAT
I won't say a word about any of the crazy stuff I saw while you were hiding behind a desk, Sir.

PETER
That's good... Be safe over there in the South.

Peter KNOCKS on his desk and points to the door.

Nat rises out of the chair.

NAT
Seargent. I know you promoted everyone else's mouths shut. But what about those kids?

PETER
Let the juvenile delinquents yap.
Who listens to kids anyhow?

The Seargent has a smug grin - Nat doesn't look so sure.

INT. ENDO HAN'S SPOT - DAY

Wick enters the smoky living room where Endo, Lanky and Deep-Voice hang. Wick is bruised and battered. Endo stands.

ENDO
The fuck were you, baby gangsta?!

WICK
(nervous)
You ain't gon believe this shit.

ENDO
Better be good muthafucka... You callin' on my crew, my guns and my vehicle.

Wick considers.

WICK
Got picked up by a Dirt Harry ass brother cop. Had to merk some police and light a fire to get the fuck outta there, yo.

Endo sits up... shocked.

ENDO
The fuck?! Get the fuck out. I ain't havin' none that cop killin' shit on me...the fuck?!

Endo shoos Wick, Lanky and Deep-Voice out.

INT. CAL'S GARAGE - DAY

The door is open, Myrna TUNES her guitar. She turns and looks back to Tyrone behind his keys.

Roy pops up and throws a bass guitar over his shoulder.

MYRNA
You practice that song?

Roy answers with he bass - BEE - DOO - BA - DA - DOO

TYRONE
Dang, you're picking that up fast.

MYRNA
Yeah. Good job.

ROY
Wouldn't wanna let the gang down.

They all smile at each other.

MYRNA
Unlike the others. Where the hell is Cal? ...Cal!

Cal and a GOTH GIRL enter from the house.

CAL
Sorry. Grabbing some drinks.

Cal hands soda's out. Coming into view the goth girl is recognizable as Gyrda.

TYRONE
Tryin' to get Eva Braun alone.

CAL
I'm helping her learn English, okay! And she's like ten.

Gyrda grabs Cal's hand.

GYRDA
S'ank jew, Cal.

MYRNA
She's like almost a hundred.

CAL
Well. We know that.

GYRDA
I play with you today?

MYRNA
No, kid.

TYRONE
C'mon, let her try.

MYRNA
I told you guys. One set of keys is The Fall, two keyboards is Kraftwerk.

TYRONE
I'll sit this one out. Let her show you what she can do.

MYRNA
Fine.

Myrna looks stern.

INT. CAL'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone is behind their instruments. Cal counts it in with HIS STICKS.

BANG

The group PLAYS a KICK ASS SONG with Myrna and Gyrda glaring at each other across their instruments. It's playful and friendly... but a glare all the same.

The KEYS cut through the song with a DIRTY, DARK sound.

Myrna answers back by SHREDDING.

Cal and Roy hold the groove together.

The crew is happy - a band of friends.

A DISTORTED HUM BEGINS... low at first but building... could be amp distortion...

As it gets louder Myrna looks perplexed.

She turns to her amp - Confused looks all around.

A zipper in space opens in front of them.

Jasmine hops out, still in the form of a cat.

The music grinds to a halt.

JASMINE
Hey guys! I heard the band's back together.

Myrna's strikes a SOUR NOTE as her jaw drops.

FADE TO BLACK